

Christmas Book Issue

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Fifth Year of Issue

December, 1945

DEC 3 - 1945

The LeBel Report and Civil Liberties

G. M. A. GRUBE



A Liberal Decade

GORDON O. ROTHNEY



The Common Man

A. J. M. SMITH



Anatomy of the Liberal

FERGUS GLENN

Watch Colombia

TOM IRVING

Vol. XXV, No. 299

Toronto, Ontario, December, 1945

Twenty-five Cents

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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O CANADA

We are looking for a young man who: 1. Believes in private enterprise; 2. Can write about private enterprise as intelligently and earnestly as non-believers can write about communism or socialism; 3. Believes that private industry has a story to tell and the right to tell it; 4. Likes hard work, long hours and knows how to think. . . . For that young man we have a job in Public Relations that pays \$3,000.00 a year to start and has a \$10,000 a year future.
 (Advertisement in Canadian Writer & Editor)

"She was a remarkable woman," said Miss de la Roche. "She lived to be 94 (Adeline Whiteoak attained 101) and when she died she possessed every one of her teeth, and enjoyed visitors almost to the last."
 (Toronto Star)

About the current restlessness that seems to be sweeping Canada and other countries, General Crerar said he did not believe it was the returned serviceman who was causing the unrest. Few, if any, servicemen are involved in the crime wave now spreading through the land, he declared. General Crerar said he didn't feel in the least restless himself. "In fact, I'll be very glad to have a rest when this tour is finished."
 (Toronto Star)

The first case to come before the King's Bench Court was the trial of Vincente Manasterski, charged with the murder of his father, John Manasterski, at their farm. John Berezuk, storekeeper, testified that the farmer was accustomed to carry large sums of money wrapped in a handkerchief and that at that time Manasterski had \$3,800, mostly in bills of \$100 . . . it was general knowledge in the district that John Manasterski didn't put his money in the bank because he was afraid the bank would buy Victory Bonds with it.
 (Melville, Sask., Advance)

Guests represented all walks of life in Brazil. They included leading bankers, importers, shippers, editors, writers, painters, composers, musicians and socialites.

(Extract from BUP report on Banquet at the Canadian Embassy at Rio de Janeiro Nov. 14, 1945, Ottawa Journal)

"Should a man be compelled to join a union?" asked Rev. W. L. L. Lawrence, Windermere Church, at Toronto West Presbytery of the United Church on Wednesday, during debate on labor unrest. "Well, brother, any man who joins the ministry of the United Church has to join a union. It's a closed shop," replied Rev. Harvey Howey of Oakwood Church.
 (Toronto Daily Star)

Discussing the significance of wartime industrial expansion, Mr. Howe said: . . . "The general purchasing division of the department . . . had made purchases to the value of \$3,600,000,000 at V-Day. I might also make mention here of our remarkable accomplishments in the research field, and especially of the part we have played in the development of the atomic bomb."
 (Globe and Mail)

Elegance in Mink. Only a few times in life can any material thing bring you the memorable peak of pleasure . . . in purchasing your first Mink coat.
 (Advertisement in Globe and Mail)

To a question as to whether he knew of the strikers' action today in seizing citizens' cars to use as strike barricades, the Minister [Hon. Humphrey Mitchell] said: "No, it's the first I've heard about it. Some people never grow up, do they?"
 (Windsor dispatch in Globe and Mail)

While awaiting division on the amendment [calling for adoption of the Red Ensign as the Canadian flag] members broke into the usual sing-song, but with a national note. Progressive Conservatives started it with "Rule Britannia." Karl Homuth (P.C., Waterloo South) stood up and began leading them. When they finished, Liberals started singing "O Canada." Mr. Homuth got up again and led the Progressive Conservatives, who joined in. After a few bars the members all got to their feet except a few Progressive Conservatives, who kept to their seats and declined to sing, although urged to get up by members around them. . . . "I won't stand for any flag that has horizontal bars on it or perpendicular bars for that matter," said Mr. MacNicol. "We on this side of the House will go to the limit to see that the Union Jack is on any flag that flies over this country." . . . Later the members sang the National Anthem.
 (Ottawa despatch, Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Jim Coulter, Ottawa, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXV, No. 299



Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, December, 1945

Peace and Good Will

This year 1945 will no doubt be remembered as the year in which World War II came to an end and the victorious powers immediately began to fall apart into two rival groups whose policies seemed to be dominated by thoughts of another war. Christmas comes in the midst of disputes about the proper disposal of the atomic bomb, of manoeuvres and counter-manoevres in Europe and the East, and of impending unemployment and bitter management-labor struggles on the home front here in North America. It is difficult to be cheerful in such circumstances. Let us remind ourselves of how much has after all been accomplished in international organization during this year, and let us hope that the spirit of the Christmas season may fill us all with more kindly feelings toward those against whom we have been most prone to take offence during the past twelve months.

Atomic Bomb

The original American decision to keep the secret of the atomic bomb in American hands as a "sacred trust" for the benefit of the rest of the world has evidently met with too much criticism in the United States itself to be adhered to any longer. We must confess that the Attlee-Truman-King proposals for handing control over to the United Nations Organization seem to us to be hedged about with so many safeguards that they are almost certain to prove unacceptable to the U.S.S.R. And sad experience leads us to expect that, even if the Anglo-American and the Russian groups reach a formal agreement, they will proceed shortly to disagree fundamentally as to what their form of words meant. It is difficult also to see just how the proposed Control Commission is to work effectively, if it is to be under a Security Council in which any one of the big powers has a veto on action. On the other hand the cry of the idealists for immediate world government as the only solution seems to us particularly unreal at this moment. A world government that controlled the atomic bomb in reality would have such powers as to be dangerous to human liberties. Just how would these powers be related to the guarantees of a bill of rights? This is of course an academic question, since San Francisco showed that not one of the fifty or more nations of the world is prepared to concede enough of its national sovereignty to make any such world government possible. And to centre the argument for world government on this theme of terror is really to demand a universal police-state before there is any of that effective unity of sentiment which is the essential basis of a world community. As some one remarked the other day, it is doubtful whether the answer to the biggest explosion in history is to be found just by planning the biggest government in history. So we shall have to try out the Attlee-Truman-King proposals, find by experience what are the weaknesses involved in them, and gradually inch ourselves forward.

Struggle in China

Quarrels about how genuine the democracy of Soviet-controlled Bulgaria or of British-controlled Greece is, and other such issues in Europe, are no doubt dangerous; but the most dangerous threat to good relations among the Big Three is in China. The issue between the national government of

Chiang Kai-shek, backed up by American support, and the Chinese Communists in the north, backed up by Russia, is becoming more acute every day. We are guessing, of course, when we say that the Chinese Communists are backed up by Russia. But the territory they control is certainly next door to Russian territory, and the way in which the Soviet government has timed its handing over of Manchuria so that the troops who are on the spot to take over happen to be from Yen'an rather than from Chungking is noteworthy. Korea also remains divided into an American and a Russian sphere. Manchuria, which is the immediate prize for which the struggle in China is being waged, is of vital importance to both sides. It has as many factories and as much railway mileage as all the rest of China; and it has vast resources, only partly developed, in coal, iron, oil, gold, and other valuable commodities. If the Communists establish control here they would have a base of operations from which they could consolidate the whole area north of the Yellow and Yangtze rivers, with a friendly Russian Siberia in their rear. If Chiang Kai-shek gets Manchuria he will have the Communist forces between two jaws of a pincer, which would probably mean the eventual liquidation of Yen'an. The whole balance of power in the Far East depends on the outcome of this contest. And therefore we may take it for granted that, whatever their professions, both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. will be actively and deeply involved.

Detroit Storm Centre

Our own Canadian labor situation is bad enough, but in the United States things are in an even more alarming state. The management-labor conference in Washington, which was organized to try to find an agreed formula for industrial peace, seems to be developing into a free-for-all rather than a round-table. And unfortunately among those most lustily taking whacks at one another are the spokesmen of the A.F. of L. (plus John L. Lewis) and the C.I.O. In Detroit a great strike in the motor industry is now under way. Each of the Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—has rejected the demands of the U.A.W.A. for a thirty per cent increase of wages. They all seem equally unwilling to produce any figures to meet those put forward by the workers or by Henry Wallace which attempt to show that the industry could afford large wage increases without foregoing comfortable earnings for its shareholders. And the argument that only through high wages to the working force can the American economy be organized so as to be able to absorb the goods which industry is equipped to produce seems to have made no impact upon the minds of employers at all. To a Canadian reader, considering what has been happening in Windsor, it is curious to learn that it was the Ford reply which shocked the automobile workers most, since they had counted on better relations with Ford than with the other two companies. What will come out of this struggle one cannot tell. The companies apparently feel that they are sitting pretty, and they are happy to wait until the excess profits tax comes to an end with the new year before they worry much about production. Their whole attitude shows that they welcome a decisive struggle with the union now. And this will be the decisive struggle for the whole of North American industry. The future of industrial relations in Canada is bound up with its outcome.

Canadian Elections

Our newspapers have so skilfully headlined the fact that the CCF didn't win in any of the federal or provincial elections since its great Saskatchewan victory that they have created the impression that the socialist cause is on the retreat in Canada. So it needs to be emphasized that the net result of all these elections is to show a marked CCF advance. In spite of the losses in Ontario last June—and even here the electoral vote shows quite a different picture from that presented by the membership in the legislature—the party polled over 800,000 votes in the federal election the next week out of a total of a little more than 5,000,000—i.e. 16% of the total. In the Nova Scotia provincial election it increased its share of the popular vote from 8 to 13%, and it now provides the only opposition in the legislature. In British Columbia it lost in its number of seats, but again increased its percentage of the popular vote from 33 to 39%. Its most serious loss there has been in the disappearance from the legislature of such outstanding members as Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. MacInnis, and Messrs. MacNeil and Cameron. In Manitoba it increased both its number of seats and its vote. The large majority in the legislature which supports Premier Garson is to a considerable extent due to the gross overrepresentation of the countryside as against the urban area of Winnipeg. In the city area the opposition did much better than the government. In both Manitoba and British Columbia the most significant feature of the situation is that the CCF has forced the two old parties into a coalition in order to keep it out of office. The chief plank in the platform of both the Garson and the Hart governments is to oppose the opposition. How long Liberals and Conservatives, for the sake of hanging on to office, will be able to continue this conjurer's trick of going about arm in arm in the provincial capitals while fighting one another bitterly in Ottawa we do not profess to know. The Canadian electorate is long-suffering, but sooner or later it is bound to ask just what "Liberalism" and "Conservatism" mean under such circumstances.

New Chairman for the CBC

The government has at last implemented the recommendation of the 1944 parliamentary radio committee by appointing a full-time salaried chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He will interpret policy, as laid down under his guidance by the board of governors, and handle public relations, while the general manager administers day-to-day operations. The new appointee, A. Davidson Dunton, is a comparatively young man of wide and varied experience, formerly editor of the *Montreal Standard* and for a time head of the Wartime Information Board. He shares with Dr. Augustin Frigon, the general manager, responsibility for the activities of a public corporation which handles five-and-a-half million dollars annually.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether such a division of functions between high-salaried executives would conduce to efficiency and harmony within the CBC. Mr. Dunton, a man of independent and forthright temperament, will now have a chance to resolve these doubts. An important part of his task will be to safeguard the Corporation against both government interference and the attempts of private interests to subvert the whole system of publicly owned and operated radio in Canada. Dr. McCann, who succeeded Mr. Lafleche as parliamentary spokesman for the CBC, is not likely to repeat the blunders of his predecessor by injecting government influence into a body responsible only to parliament; but there has unfortunately been an

indication of such attempts by another cabinet minister, Hon. Louis St. Laurent. On the other hand, the private radio interests will need to be dealt with firmly.

We trust that from now on any moves by either government or private interests to undermine the independence or authority of the Corporation in the field delegated to it by the people will receive the treatment they deserve. We wish Mr. Dunton well in his important and difficult post.

Figures Make It Even Plainer

In the House of Commons a few days ago, Mr. Howe gave some surprising figures regarding Canada's wartime production and the money invested in it. In addition to private investment, which was heavy, he said, the government had invested some \$720,000,000 in land, plant and equipment, about \$500,000,000 of which represented plants wholly owned by the government. But he said little about the disposal of this public property, now the war is over, much of it for a song to private interests, nor of the government's plans to continue the manufacture of products which were before the war wholly or partly imported or never produced at all. His statement about Research Enterprises Limited, a Crown company, \$700,000 worth of whose property was sold (by a private dicker) to an American glass company for \$150,000 for the making of glass kitchenware, was not reassuring. Negotiations, he said, were under way for the disposal of a large part of the remaining manufacturing capacity of the plant, and of "many thousands of general purpose machine tools." In other words, as one M.P. put it, "the government is sitting with arms folded and watching the disintegration of the plant, the disbandment of the staff and the dissipation of skills new to Canada; putting REL on the auction block piece by piece." But not with "arms folded" we should say—far from it. The arms are working overtime in the work of sabotage—all, as Mr. Howe blandly explained, on the recommendation of the president of REL, to wit, Col. Eric Phillips, whose companies are the Canadian counterpart of the Corning Glass Company. Mr. Howe's Philistine sneer at Prof. Burton is something for which Mr. King should compel him to make a public apology.

On the other hand, Mr. Howe stated that while \$29,000,000 has been set aside for Wartime Housing Limited operations, only 7,000 houses for veterans have either been completed or are in process of construction by that body. Another 43,000 dwellings have been built this year, but these were not in the "low rental" class. The government, he said, had held back a long time hoping the insurance companies would undertake the building of "low rental" houses, but by July it was seen there was no hope of their getting under way this year. The consequence of all this is that service men are returning every day to Canada to find that they and their families have literally nowhere to lay their heads.

Those Turbulent Unions

► "THE SOLE END and aim of the strike is to establish the dominance of the Union over the internal administration of the Toronto Printing-offices, and make the proprietors helplessly subservient to the will of an organization outside its influence. . . . In the endeavor to supply these vacant places, the Employers complain that intimidation, coercion, personal violence and bribery have been exercised by the Typographical Society to prevent their succeeding; and these systematic efforts of the society have been carried so far that the employers have at last been compelled to appeal to

the law to stop them . . . and yesterday thirteen of the most prominent members of the Typographical Society were arrested on the charge of conspiracy to deter men from going to work."

That is part of a front page editorial in *The Globe* of Toronto for April 17, 1872. It was probably written by George Brown, still proprietor of the paper he had founded in 1844. Though no longer in parliament, Brown remained the journalistic "dictator" of the Grit party, and currently he was the leader of the embattled employers of Toronto in resisting their employees' demand for a reduction of working time from ten to nine hours a day without reduction of wages (which, in the case of the printers, was \$10 a week).

On learning of the printers' arrest, that wily strategist, Sir John A. Macdonald, following the precedent set by Gladstone the previous year in England, induced parliament to pass measures legalizing union activity in Canada, thus spiking the guns of the Grits' "general manager" and winning the goodwill of the workers—there being a general election in the offing. But that is another story.

The Toronto employers' attitude toward trades unions, and toward the workers' ridiculous demand for a nine-hour day, was set forth in a manifesto (also written, probably, by Brown) to which 160 employers in 32 different lines of business attached their signatures. It read in part:

"And whereas it is abundantly proven by existing facts that ten hours of work in ordinary manufacturing pursuits is perfectly consistent with the normal condition of the operative, and shortening the hours of labor would be entirely unsuited to the wants of a young and struggling country like Canada . . .

"Therefore, we firmly believe any attempt to shorten the hours of labor . . . would proportionately lessen our material advancement as a nation . . . and prove alike injurious to the Employers, the Employees, and the public at large.

"To the Employers it would be a serious injury to restrict the use or reproductive power of their limited capital, which in nine cases out of ten is the sole product of their own extra time, labor and energy of character. And any attempt on the part of the Employees to dictate to them in what way, or to what extent, they shall lawfully use their own resources, is not only an unwarrantable interference with the rights of others but a very transparent attempt to introduce amongst us the Communistic system of levelling. . . .

"Believing also that the nine-hours movement is sought only by a mere fraction (less than one-twentieth of the whole population) and that even this fraction is led and prompted by a few men, emissaries of the National Labor League of the United States, strangers amongst us, and who have little interest in common with the great body of our people . . . we have determined to continue the hours of labor in our respective businesses as heretofore; and also to resist any attempts on the part of our Employees to dictate to us by what rules we shall govern our business, or how many hours shall constitute a day's work."

All the newspapers and job printing houses in Toronto fought the printers' demands, save only *The Leader*, whose proprietor, James Beaty, granted the nine-hour day and publicly supported the union. *The Mail*, recently established as a newspaper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen" to offset the rather roughshod style of *The Leader*, wondered, since "combinations of both employers and employees have apparently come to stay," whether it wouldn't be possible for the two sides to get together and settle things amicably. But then, both these papers were supporters of John A., and no doubt had been tipped off about what he was up to.

Well, a lot of water has flowed through the Welland Canal and down the St. Lawrence since then. Indeed, we have an entirely new Welland Canal. And we have some new labor laws. In 1945, not many employers would dare openly to deny the right of their employees to organize. But our labor laws still leave much to be desired. And the spirit of George Brown and his fellow Master Printers is still abroad. Canada's newspaper press, by and large, is still heavily imbued with it. Nor have the workers got at the moment a Prime Minister like Sir John A. (with an election pending) to come to their aid.

Take *The Globe and Mail*, that double-headed descendant of *The Globe* and *The Mail*. Though it sometimes speaks in the placating tones of its mother, *The Mail* (whose voice, to be sure, grew less conciliatory with the years), it is the implacable accents of its sire, *The Globe* of George Brown, that one detects most often in its headlines and editorials. (Headline technique has advanced greatly since Brown's day.)

Look at the Windsor strike, for instance. To read (or even glance at) *The Globe and Mail* during the early part of November, one would have imagined that Windsor was on the verge of a bloody civil war. "RUSH 250 POLICE TO WINDSOR; Fear Damage at Ford; Local Force Repelled; More Units Will Be Sent If Necessary." Thus ran its smashing headlines on November 3. And from then on—with the aid of Premier Drew and Mr. Ilsley—public attention was neatly switched from the real issue of the strike to the fear of bloodshed at the Ford plant.

The facts were that, had it not been for the ill-advised decision of the Windsor police commission to force a way through the picket line, and its call for outside police to back it up, and the prompt accession of Mr. Drew and Mr. Ilsley to this demand, on the questionable say-so of a group of insurance underwriters that property was in danger, there would have been no likelihood of violence on the other side. But the pleading of Mayor Reaume was ignored, and the police were "rushed" in.

Despite the loud invocation of "law and order," despite assurances that this action did not entail support of the Ford



Company, everyone knew that such a display of force would raise the suspicion that the government was going to help break the strike — if only by provoking the men to acts of technical illegality which would give the excuse for violent suppression.

It was not until the outside police arrived that forcible tactics were adopted by the strikers. The massing of motor cars around the plant's main entrance was due to the implicit threat of force from the other side. Any previous acts of illegality, such as exclusion of office workers, any alleged endangering of life and property, such as closing the power house and refusing to admit extra maintenance men, were placed in an equivocal light by the authorities and the press. It was pointed out by the union itself that extra maintenance and administrative staff could have gained entrance to the plant unopposed from the river side; and liability to damage from explosion or fire was shown to have been greatly exaggerated.

We are not necessarily defending "illegal" acts by strikers. Undoubtedly such may have been committed. Union officials had to contend with extremists favoring measures far more illegal than any that may have been committed. But the show of force by the authorities played into the hands of the extremists — as everyone knew it would.

The point is that after months of patient effort by the workers to obtain security for their union, while governments sat idly by, constituted authority on the flimsy excuse of a threat to law and order suddenly hurled its strength into the dispute, and the public, confused by these acts and by an employer-minded press, had its attention diverted from the issue at stake and its sympathies alienated from the strikers.

The issue was whether a dictatorial corporation should use its overwhelming power for the purpose of denying to its workers the union security already conceded by its parent corporation across the line. Only when government authority seemed ready to add its own power to this tremendous economic power of the employer, did the strike verge on "illegality" and union leaders have difficulty in restraining the men from going even farther.

For make no mistake about it, all such struggles are struggles for power. At present, the weight of the big battalions is with the powerful corporation; the only weapon the workers have is their union and its secure status. Such is the absurdity of our capitalist civilization, that since we insist on the worker's share in the fruits of his labor being determined by "bargaining," then we are bound to have opposing alignments of power. And if, on the pretext of preserving law and order, we have governments making gestures which raise the presumption that constituted authority is about to operate for the benefit of the employer, with his already enormous economic power, then we must be prepared to see the workers taking steps to restore the balance by whatever means are available to them.

This is one of the penalties we pay for putting governments in power which refuse to recognize that, if we are to have "bargaining" between employer and employee, it is only fair that a certain balance of power should be ensured by according full union security to the employee. Whatever approximation to a balance exists has been won by a long (and sometimes bloody) struggle on the part of the workers. The latter have good memories; and they know how far they still have to travel before a real balance is achieved.

Yet our newspaper press is still talking, in its modern streamlined way, the language of George Brown and his Master Printers of 1872. Brown was able (until Sir John

A. spoiled his game) to invoke a statute of 1792 on the side of "law and order," so as to divert people's minds from the workers' demands; our modern governments and press invoke the police. Brown and his fellow-employers, backed by the press, talked of "intimidation, coercion, personal violence and bribery" when the workers sought to close their ranks; our modern governments and press talk of the exclusion of office workers and security guards from the struck plant, and imminent damage to life and property. Brown and the Master Printers invoked "the wants of a young and struggling country like Canada" to show the iniquity of a strike for shorter working hours; our modern employers and their newspaper mouthpieces invoke the urgency of the need for "reconversion and reconstruction" to damn a strike for union security. Brown's and his fellows' solemn and sonorous identification of their special interests with the interests of "the great body of our people" is couched in words that might have come from one of our living bankers. The attitude of such modern employers as Ford (which one can find tacitly applauded almost any day of the week in Mr. Wellington Jeffers' column in *The Globe and Mail*) finds perfect expression in the Toronto Master Printers' declaration that "any attempt on the part of Employees to dictate to them in what way, or to what extent, they shall lawfully use their own resources, is not only an unwarrantable interference with the rights of others, but a very transparent attempt to introduce amongst us the Communistic system of levelling."

Indeed, it is not so long since the Master Printers' and *The Globe's* indignant protest about "emissaries of the National Labor League of the United States, strangers amongst us" was being echoed in an employer-newspaper outburst against "foreign agitators."

Thus much has our press changed its tune in three-quarters of a century. About the Toronto *Tely*, of course, the less said the better. The efforts of the Toronto *Star* to be fair to labor, and at the same time give Mr. King's egregious minister of labor the benefit of any possible doubt, have at times been painful to witness. The rest of our Canadian daily papers have, in varying degrees, reflected the attitudes of Toronto's Big Three.

And when a cabinet minister like Mr. Howe (hitherto a model "employers' minister") asserts in parliament his belief that the Ford company is using its power dictatorially, he earns a sharp rebuke from *The Globe and Mail*, even though the hapless Mr. Humphrey Mitchell (another employers' darling), driven to exasperation by fruitless "negotiations" with high Ford officials, winds up by voicing similar sentiments. But despite these ministerial apostasies, the absurd shadow-boxing continues, the police reserves remain in Windsor, Hon. Leslie Blackwell delivers more thunder over the radio about "law and order," and the Ford Company buys pages in newspapers to spread its anti-union propaganda under the specious heading of "facts." As we go to press the deadlock continues.

One wonders what Canadian economic historians in the years to come — say 2045 — will say as they ponder the record of these disputes about "collective bargaining." As they try to understand the curious spectacle of management and labor sitting down, with the backing of varying degrees of force, to "bargain" over the allotment of benefits, instead of co-operating sensibly in the planning of production and the division of its fruits with all books open and all factors known to both sides — will they feel rather like most of us feel in 1945 when we read in *The Globe* of 1872 the truculent assertion of the employers of those days that "we have determined to resist any attempts on the part of our Employees to dictate to us by what rules we shall govern our business, or how many hours shall constitute a day's work"?

A Liberal Decade

Gordon O. Rothney

► ON OCTOBER 23, 1935, the eve of Thanksgiving Day, Canada's last Conservative government resigned. Mackenzie King became the first man in our history to head a ministry for a third time. He had already been Prime Minister in 1921-26 and 1926-30. Twice driven from office by the Conservatives, he had soon ended the Meighen interlude in 1926, and after his defeat by Mr. Bennett in 1930 he had at once assured his supporters "that all will yet prove to be for the best." In 1935 he administered to his opponents the worst defeat ever suffered by a Canadian government. Now, exactly ten years later, he is the only political leader who, having led his country into war with Germany in 1939, survives to lead it in peace after the defeat of Japan in 1945. Altogether he has now been Prime Minister for over eighteen years. By June 4 next, in spite of the vastly increased responsibilities and complexities of government, he will have equalled John A. Macdonald's record as the man who has held that office for the longest period since Confederation.

The era of Mackenzie King marks the beginning of a new period in Canadian political history. In the first decades after 1867, the Liberal party, the party of minorities and dissenters, was no match for Macdonald's Conservatives. Their first leader, Alexander Mackenzie, obtained office for a few years (1873-78), but this was sheer good luck. The Pacific Railway scandal had temporarily antagonized some of Macdonald's business supporters who were not in on it, and the Liberals happened to be the only available alternative. In Quebec it took a *coup d'état* by Mackenzie's Lieutenant-Governor to bring his party into office for the first time (1878-79) under a *rouge* premier, the Protestant, Joly de Lotbinière.

But Mackenzie was too radical to keep the support of business and not radical enough to interfere with it. Besides he concentrated on trying to keep Canada united without first being sure his party was united. He antagonized important factions of his following, and then, far too democratic to allow their expulsion, he went to the other extreme and permitted critics like Edward Blake to worry him into inconsistency. The result was that nobody was pleased. In Canada, national unity can be preserved only if divergent elements can be held together in one political party. Macdonald produced his National Policy of tariff protection, and business swept the democratic Mackenzie from the scene forever.

During the second period, under Laurier, the Liberals fought on even terms with the Conservatives. Laurier had been in Mackenzie's cabinet. He had learned two great lessons of Canadian politics: (1) you must be sure of a source of funds if you are to have a good party organization; and (2) you must not let your party become identified with either side in any dispute between important geographic sections or ethnic groups in this country. The Liberals got a chance when Macdonald finally broke the second rule by allowing Louis Riel to be hanged in 1885. The Liberals seized this great opportunity to break the Conservative hold on Quebec by the master-stroke of making a French-Canadian their national leader. After the death of Macdonald, Laurier ruled from 1896 to 1911.

But to think that Conservatism was dead was to underestimate the new imperialism of Joseph Chamberlain in England and the revival of United Empire Loyalism in Canada. Sir Wilfrid made many concessions. Canadians fought in

South Africa. The red ensign, which had flown from the tower of the houses of parliament from the days of Confederation until 1904, was replaced by the Union Jack. We started to build warships. Yet when the Liberals got a reciprocity agreement with the United States to help western agriculture in 1911, eastern business was able to defeat Laurier by an appeal to imperialist sentiment — "no truck nor trade with the Yankees." The appeal was repeated even more successfully in 1917.

Canada's first Minister of Labor, Mackenzie King, went down to personal defeat in Ontario, first for supporting Laurier and reciprocity in 1911, and then for supporting Laurier against conscription in 1917. While most English-speaking Liberals supported the Union Government, he remained in the political wilderness. Yet it was he who was destined to inaugurate the third period in the history of Canadian Liberalism. We are now back to the one-sided politics of Macdonald's day, except that now it is the Conservatives who need sheer good luck, a customs scandal (1926) or a world-shaking depression (1930), in order to get a short term in office. Mr. King seems to have learned well from the experiences of Laurier, and also from his own. The last ten years have been his longest period in power, and have given him his largest majorities. They have seen him carry out Laurier's policies, both of 1911 and of 1917, still in the face of Conservative opposition, but this time without losing power.

The Liberal platform in 1935 called for the restoration of an atmosphere of democratic and parliamentary rule, for increased trade through reciprocal agreements with foreign countries, and for a national commission to attack the immediate unemployment problem. In the campaign, Mr. King had the support of eight provincial premiers, including Manitoba's John Bracken. He carried Ontario, the West, and the Maritimes, but the largest contribution to his majority, then as now, came from Quebec. And just as Macdonald had Georges-Etienne Cartier, as Mackenzie had A.-A. Dorion, so Mr. King had Ernest Lapointe in 1935, and has Mr. St. Laurent at his side today.

The last decade has been the most eventful in Canada's history. The Liberal government got off to a flying start when Mackenzie King and Cordell Hull at last concluded a reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States on Armistice Day, 1935. Before the end of the year the existing trade dispute with Japan was adjusted. With the international system already very critical, an attempt was being made to reverse the trend toward extreme economic nationalism, especially since the Liberal party is opposed to the principle of protection. In 1936 a provisional trade agreement was signed with Germany. Since then Canada has entered into thirteen new trade agreements with other countries, the last three being with Chile, Argentina, and Brazil in 1941.

When the United Kingdom declared war on Germany in 1939 the Liberal government had the full support of the Conservative party in its momentous decision to enter the conflict at once. That policy was accepted without a recorded vote although two Liberal isolationists presented an amendment to the effect that "Canada should refrain from participating in war outside of Canada"; and two internationalists, J. S. Woodsworth, disciple of Kier Hardie and leader of the CCF, and Maxime Raymond, disciple of Henri Bourassa, Liberal, and now leader of the Bloc, spoke ably in favor of neutrality.

In the general election of 1940 the Liberals actually increased their majority through gains from Social Credit, and

thus received the largest parliamentary majority in Canadian history. The party was at the peak of its strength. It was soon worried, however, by the conscription issue which, as in 1917, came to the fore when the United States entered the war. Laurier's old suggestion of a plebiscite was carried out in 1942. This troublesome question caused the resignation of three cabinet ministers, but the government survived. Whenever Quebec votes were lost, opposition votes were gained. By-elections began to go against the Liberals when Frédéric Dorion, a pro-Duplessis Independent, took Charlevoix-Saguenay on November 30, 1942.

Yet today, following a second war election, the party is still in power. While the "yes" voters of 1942 are now politically divided, the "no" minority is still strongly Liberal. The government majority in Quebec is greater than the combined majorities of all anti-government groups in Ontario and the West put together. This was demonstrated on September 27 last, when all types of opposition members united to support "floor prices for all basic agricultural products at levels not less than ninety per cent of parity," but were outvoted by 91 to 116. Had it not been for the Quebec members, this amendment to the Address in Reply would have been carried by 86 to 62.

Quebec is Liberal because her French-Canadians, being a minority in Canada, fear the Progressive Conservatives, and her English districts, being a minority in the province, fear the National Union. Since the rest of Canada could not make up its mind, Quebec's decision prevails. And since the Liberals are generally regarded there as the middle party, Quebec believes it to be a decision in favor of "moderation."

The Conservatives, defeated in every province in 1935, were driven in upon the city of Toronto. Their discouraged survivors rallied only to vote against the reciprocity resolution in March, 1936. Then the unexpected rise of Maurice Duplessis raised a flicker of hope. Could his nationalism be exploited against the federal Liberals as Mercier's had been against the federal Conservatives? The party's name was changed to National Conservatives in 1938, and Dr. Manion, the Catholic husband of a French-Canadian, was made its leader. This was going pretty far for the Tories.

But Manion was no Laurier. In fact, he had deserted Laurier in 1917 to support Borden and conscription. Besides, the new National Union had not appeared, like Mercier's, because of any attack by the federal government upon French-Canadians. In October, 1939, Duplessis fell. Mr. Lapointe, the "bulwark against conscription," had persuaded the province that any more *Union Nationale* at Quebec would provoke a new anti-Quebec régime at Ottawa. And when Dr. Manion campaigned for National Government in 1940, French Canada knew that this would mean in practice, not National Union, but union government. To English-speaking Quebec he sounded like Duplessis, to the rest of the province he sounded like Borden.

With everything lost in Quebec, the Tories dropped Manion like a hot-cake and reverted once more to pure United Empire Loyalism under Hanson and Meighen. South York ended that episode in 1942. Ontario alone could not have put the party in power anyway.

If Quebec was hopeless, what about the West? The Tories became Progressive Conservatives and took over John Bracken. But it was too late. The CCF had already become the alternative to the Liberals beyond the Great Lakes. The extensive Conservative gains from the government this year were made in Mr. Drew's Ontario, not in Mr. Bracken's West. Since Ontario is politically isolated, the party is still only in opposition. Overseas conscription having become a

dead issue, it now attacks the government's demobilization policy for not preventing "serious disadvantage to overseas personnel." The "overseas personnel," however, have shown more interest in the CCF than in the Progressive Conservatives.

Full of vigor and confidence, this new group fought its first campaign ten years ago. Mr. Woodsworth's amendment to the Address in 1936, calling upon the government to make "available to the people of Canada the great actual and potential wealth of the country," got 8 votes against 208. This year Mr. Coldwell's amendment demanding "fundamental social and economic changes" got 29 votes against 193. This indicates a slow but steady increase in strength. Like all new parties the CCF has gained from the Liberals rather than from the Conservatives. Its achievements are still small compared with the great Progressive uprising of 1921, but already it has lasted longer. The original leader of the earlier movement is now a Liberal Senator, and its only relic, John Bracken, has given its name to the Conservatives.

But even more than with the Progressives, the growth of the CCF has been confined to one section, the West. The 8 votes of 1936 included Miss Macphail from Ontario, but even that one vote has now been lost. In Quebec, the only district which has gone socialist has chosen the LPP. The Cartier division of Montreal, crowded in between the French east end and the Anglo-Saxon west, largely New-Canadian in population and traditionally "the Jewish seat," naturally used to be a Liberal pocket borough. In 1935, a Communist candidate, Fred Rose, got 3,385 votes to 13,574 for the Liberals. But since 1941 Cartier has been the hottest of Montreal's political hot spots. In 1942 it voted "yes," and in a 1943 by-election Fred Rose got a small majority over the Bloc, with the Liberals and CCF close behind. This year the CCF dropped out with the result that the Liberals pulled ahead of the Bloc, but not ahead of Fred Rose. The only Labor-Progressive seat in Canada is Cartier—(shades of Georges-Etienne!) But the CCF came nearer to electing a member in Quebec in 1935 than it did in 1945.

After ten years in office and in spite of the war, the Liberals alone are a strong party in every section, and even in every province. Mackenzie King is not ending his political career in the manner of an Asquith or a Lloyd George. Labor has risen in New Zealand, Australia, and the United Kingdom because in those homogeneous nations, with no important cultural minorities fearful for their rights, the most important social divisions are economic. In Ireland, South Africa, the United States and Canada it is another story. Even in Northern Ireland, though it is part of the United Kingdom, Labor has made little progress. Divided culturally, the Protestants there still nervously vote Conservative and the outraged Catholic minority is still Nationalist. Even among cultural minorities in Wales and Scotland, the Liberals lasted better than in England, but since these groups know they really have nothing to fear they too are now turning to Labor. The difference is that they have no serious grievances.

People almost everywhere are more closely bound by cultural than by economic ties. This is well demonstrated by the way capitalists and workers of one country quickly unite against those of another when wars come, Marxist slogans notwithstanding. There are things they consider more important than the class struggle. And, notwithstanding Marxist slogans, in Canada as elsewhere, most people do not believe that economic issues are more important than cultural. They will remain of this mind as long as minorities are not respected, and as long as so many people are so intolerant of the sentiments of other cultural groups, either in their own nation or elsewhere in the world.

Anatomy of the Liberal

Fergus Glenn

► THE TITLE is a bit misleading, because in deference to the innate conservatism of printers, I have followed their rule of capitalizing the principal headline words, whereas my subject is really the liberal with a small "l."

Some Liberals, of course, are also liberals; but not all. The Liberal party in Canada, for instance, is composed largely of conservatives. Conversely, a party not called Liberal may include liberals. There may even be, for all I know, some liberals among the Progressive Conservatives. (But not, I think, among the Communists-Labor-Progressives.) There are undoubtedly a great many liberals among the CCF'ers. But more of that anon.

The chief characteristic of the liberal, as the name suggests, is his concern for Liberty or Freedom. He is not alone in that; people who could rightly be regarded as conservative often have a certain love of freedom. For instance, the Liberals above referred to who are really conservatives; and even a lot of people not commonly regarded as liberals, like, for instance, the CCF'ers, who (Mr. Trestrail to the contrary notwithstanding) are in the main strongly in favor of Freedom—certainly a great deal more of it than we have at present.

But the liberal tends to regard Freedom in rather a special way. It is almost as if he thought of it as the Right to Be Left Alone. His is a negative attitude. When I think of a liberal, certain phrases persist in popping into my mind, such as "You go your way and I'll go mine;" "The Englishman's home is his castle;" "Live and let live." It's almost as if the liberal were saying: "As long as I'm free to do as I please, and you are too (within reason, of course), all should be well—eventually, if not now. I hope you get a square deal, old man. If you aren't getting it, I'm sorry. But you have your FREEDOM, haven't you? The rest is really up to you. Of course, if a five-spot would help . . ."

The liberal's Freedom also involves the Right to Kick. It matters not whether all is going well; he must be able to Complain, to point out Flaws, to suggest an Alternative. He claims the right to be the Only Johnnie in Step. Strange, too, because the liberal is essentially a peaceable and passive individual. He really hates a fight—that is, a real one.

The liberal's rather negative attitude toward Freedom really arises from his fear of Power. He dislikes, above all things, being Pushed Around; consequently, he abhors the idea of anyone having the power to do it. He is in constant dread of having to Go Quietly. It doesn't at all matter whether, by any logical standard, this is the sensible thing to do. It's the idea of being MADE to do anything that vexes him. He wants the right to be a Contrary Mary—on principle.

This fear of power is an obsession. The liberal's patron saint is that great Catholic historian, Lord Acton: "All power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The Power may reside in an individual, a group, or the majority of his fellows; it's still Power—and a horrible thing to contemplate. Though once amongst the arch Optimists, he hasn't any really profound belief in Human Nature. "Human Nature Will Always Be Human Nature." Which means that It Isn't to Be Trusted. We may be moving toward the One Divine Far Off Event—but it's a hell of a long way off, and in the meantime we'd better tread cautiously, because of Human Nature and Original Sin.

Thus the liberal is the arch-champion of minorities; aren't minorities usually right? He calls himself a democrat, but he has an instinctive fear of the Mob; and where two or three are gathered together (which of course they must have the right to do), there you may find, before you know it, an Oligarchy, a Bureaucracy, or even a Mob. And you know what Mobs are.

To put it bluntly, your liberal is terrified of the Masses. The Masses are Uneducated; and the liberal is pessimistic about any good coming out of them until every individual has been taught to Reason. People who appeal to the Feelings of the Masses are Demagogues, however desirable the end in view. For this might result in the Masses achieving Power; and we know that Power is a bad thing in itself (vide Lord Acton).

So the liberal comes right back to the individual, who must be Educated, or Regenerated, or have a Mystic Experience (if the liberal happens to think in religious terms) before we can hope to get anywhere. Meanwhile every one is a potentially Dangerous Individual, especially when he gets together with other unregenerate individuals in a Mob, under the sway of a Demagogue.

The liberal is very keen, of course, about Civil Liberties (by which he really means the Right to Kick). He'll fight like the devil for these; and then sit back happily and watch less fortunate people wriggling in an economic net which allows them about as much real freedom as a Nazi concentration camp. Haven't they their civil liberties, won for them in generations of struggle by liberals? Haven't they the Right to Kick?

But the kicks must be nice gentlemanly kicks, strictly above the belt, and within the Law. For the liberal is a stern upholder of Law and Order. It doesn't matter how faulty or onerous the particular law is. His reverence for the Principle of Law is so profound that though a statute smite him ever so mightily (or even push him around), yet will he obey it. Can one not always change it, if necessary, by Kicking? But suppose the people who made the law are holding your feet? Well, kick THEM—out. But can Individuals do that without Getting Together? And if they Get Together (by virtue of their Civil Liberties), and are mostly Uneducated, what's to prevent them from turning into a Mob?

That is the horrible dilemma the liberal is always facing. So, in spite of his love of Freedom, and his stout support of Civil Liberties, he can't help feeling that it's wise to have a Strong Police Force (and, if need be, the Army) hanging around when too many people get together to Kick. Otherwise you might have Disorder.

For (we might as well out with it) the liberal is both Tidy-minded and Tender-minded. He hates Disorder and he hates Violence—above EVERYTHING. It doesn't matter how chaotic and disorderly things already are, or how much violence (of one kind or another) is used in keeping them so. You Can't Fight Fire with Fire—or at least you mustn't, under any circumstances, even as a final resort.

Now, the liberal isn't the only one who dislikes disorder and violence. His dislike is shared by a great many other people. But the distinguishing trait of the liberal is that his distaste for Upset and Ungentlemanly Conduct is so great that he will go to any lengths to avert them. Some liberals, paradoxically, would be prepared to resort to the most extreme violence against people contemplating violence when every other method had failed, as the only means of meeting violence contemplated by others.

As suggested above, there are a good many liberals nowadays among those who call themselves socialists. Indeed, it

is often said that socialism is the modern liberalism—which is a trifle confusing. It is certainly true that most socialists value Freedom as highly as could any liberal. The liberal espouses socialism (as does many a conservative) because he has come to suspect that the only way to achieve real freedom is through socialism.

But the liberal, unfortunately, can never quite rid himself of the conviction that Individual Regeneration must come first, nor his fear of Power, nor his distrust of Individuals in the Mass. He is a socialist because he would Like to See Socialism Given a Chance; but he tends to stick at Giving Socialism the Benefit of the Doubt. He is always a little fearful that it will Go Too Far.

The truth is that while the modern liberal dislikes being called Victorian, he still clings nostalgically to the economic ideas of Adam Smith and the morality of the Good Queen. He has a mystical-sentimental feeling about Property (the liberal revolutions were all in defence of Property) and Free Competition. His common sense tells him that the Free Market and the Happy Competitor were always rather mythical, and that Co-operation has been the rule in capitalist ranks for a long time (though in this arena it usually takes on the complexion of Conspiracy). But the liberal still tends to hang on to the belief that if Government would only confine itself to Removing Restrictions on Individual Enterprise, all would be Hunky-dory. It's all right to Plan—but not too much, nor too fast. Even he begins to suspect that Victoria was a bit of a Tory; but after all, she was a Good Woman. None of this End-Justifying-the-Means nonsense in her morality—whatever might be said about her practice.

For these reasons, the liberal in socialist's clothing may act as a useful brake on the socialists who are Too Impatient. But more often he acts as Sand in the Axle-Grease. His timidity and his tender-mindedness and his dislike of upset and disorder keep pulling him back into his ivory tower of Serene Individualism, which is haunted by the bogies Fear of Power, Dislike of Ungentlemanly Conduct, and Distrust of the Masses. When it comes to a clear-cut choice between Individualism and Collectivism as a road to Freedom, he reverts to his liberalism and Points with Alarm. He shrinks from Taking Off the Gloves. He becomes a Thorn in the Flesh to socialists—and a godsend to their enemies.

Watch Colombia

Tom Irving

► LAST JULY, President Alfonso López Pumarejo of Colombia finally resigned the presidency for the third and last time. Congress chose as his successor his foreign minister, Alberto Lleras Camargo, who had headed the Colombian delegations to the Chapultepec and San Francisco conferences. President Lleras immediately set about forming a coalition cabinet of Conservatives and his own Liberal party.

All this came as the result of three years of play behind the scenes, aimed at eliminating Alfonso López and thus setting the stage for a repeal of his "New Deal" measures. Or perhaps merely a nullification of them, since South Americans are past masters in the art of letting laws sleep. So if you want one answer to where democracy is going in Latin America, watch Colombia, the country which has the tradition of being the "most democratic" of all.

When President López served his first term in the latter part of the 'thirties, he instituted and, what is more important, placed in practice modern legislation such as few South American countries have known. This was partly because

he was a "Liberal" who had studied abroad, and partly because he was an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt.

Colombia however is still a country of latifundia, of the very rich and the very poor, and of a deceptively peaceful nature that has earned it the title of one of the few "real democracies" in South America. Nevertheless, for more than fifty years it has been ruled by a Conservative clique whose hold on the country was strengthened by the exhaustion from the disastrous civil war of the "Thousand Days" at the turn of the century, and the still more urgent need for national unity after President Theodore Roosevelt stripped Colombia of her Department of Panama just before he turned his attention to Canada's possession of the Alaska Panhandle. Every Colombian knew that internal solidarity was necessary to avoid further foreign intervention.

This hold remained until 1930, when through a split in the Conservative ranks, the hitherto dormant Liberal party regained power. During the Nineteenth century, the Liberals had fought the church and the reactionaries just as Juárez was fighting them in Mexico; but they had lost the struggle about the same time as Juárez had gained his battle. The triumphant Conservatives immediately repealed the reform measures, centralized the government in Bogotá, and made a concordat with the Vatican.

When the Liberals reappeared fifteen years ago, they had lost much of their reformist zeal and were prepared to accept the concordat which protected the political position of the church and guaranteed religious instruction in the national schools. But they had been influenced by modern theories, and so they turned their attention to labor and to nationalizing certain industries. This occurred especially under the direction of the second Liberal president, López, who during his studies at the University of London had become interested in the ideas circulating there.

López was succeeded by Eduardo Santos in the presidency, for according to Colombian law, the head of the government can have only one consecutive term in office. Santos is an internationally-minded Liberal who represented his country at Geneva and owns the big daily of Bogotá, *El Tiempo*, and has just founded a new *Revista de América* aiming at interpreting the various countries of America to one another. However, despite his internationalism, Santos is a cautious "moderate," and he toned down the tendencies of his predecessor, much as Avila Camacho has done in Mexico and Truman in Washington. The Liberal party was slowly dividing into two wings: the "reformers" and the "radicals." When López returned in 1942, the split in the ranks would take little to come to a clear break.

This condition was made even more dangerous by the presence of an unscrupulous leader in the Conservative party: Laureano Gómez. He had already been president of the country in the 'twenties, and now was deeply chagrined by the "communism" of the present government. He joined hands with other reactionaries, with the army officers, and with the apostles of *Hispanidad* who were now appearing in the country in the wake of Franco's victory in Spain. Gómez owns the *Siglo* of Bogotá, the opposition daily whose tone is much like that of the *Devoir* in Montreal or the *Chicago Tribune*. In his campaign he spared nothing, not even the lowest form of slander, to denounce the so-called degeneracy of the existing regime. His most virulent attacks were on the members of President López' own family, who, if rumor is correct, have the same attraction for easy money and philandering as the younger Roosevelts.

López Sr. had meanwhile undergone a partial change of heart concerning his labor reforms, and he was being pushed from both directions to declare himself. He attempted for

a while to temporize with both factions; but Gómez the Conservative seemed intent upon returning to the presidency himself. To appease the hue-and-cry, López then resigned temporarily and turned over the presidential powers to his Home Secretary, Darío Echandía, on the pretext that he had to accompany his wife to the United States for an operation. On his return, things went no better. Finally in July, 1944, while he was making an official visit to Pasto on the Ecuadorian border, the Pastosos, as this staunchly Conservative people are called, allowed him to be kidnapped. Laureano Gómez claimed it was all a put-up job, that López had engineered the kidnapping in order to increase his own waning popularity. Whether it were this or López' strength of character, the president finally induced his captors to free him two days later. He returned to Bogotá in triumph, thereby snuffing out abortive revolts in other Conservative sections of Colombia.

Still his difficulties increased. His radical wing wanted more and better labor laws, while an undercover campaign assisted by a certain faction amongst the clergy claimed that the "Red" in the Palacio de la Carrera would have to go. After these "red" rumors had circulated for eight months, a vast plot was unearthed in March, 1945, by the National Police. It centred in the cathedral, where a cache of bombs was found in the organ loft. The organizer is a notoriously pro-fascist Italian priest, and the presumption was that the explosives were ready for the annual Easter mass which the cabinet and diplomatic corps always attend.

Other foci of revolt were discovered radiating throughout the country. *El Siglo* immediately howled that the agitation was another put-up job and that the bombs in the cathedral were just a plant to embarrass the church. Gómez never explained why López should want to be on the outs with this body. In any case, the president attempted to settle the matter by making a joint radio address with the bishop of Bogotá, and by taking two Conservatives into his cabinet. He also offered his second resignation about this time, but it was turned down.

However, the unrest continued, and the new cabinet members were expelled from the Conservative party for their pains. Laureano now realized that he finally had his Liberal opponent on the run, and wanted to discover how far the president would go in order to appease him. With its venomous articles, his *Siglo* skirted close to being suspended as it had been after the Pasto fracas the previous July.

In May, the army officers who had been sentenced for their part in the Pasto coup revolted and took over their prison, evidently with the aid of outsiders. Almost immediately afterward, riots broke out amongst the students of the Javerian University, which is run by the Jesuits as a counter-attraction to the National University. Their complaints were against the presence of the Soviet legation in Bogotá and the "red" teachings in the official centre of higher learning, which under the Liberals has finally broadened its curricula to include other than strictly Catholic thinkers.

These riots spread to other church schools throughout the country, in Tunja, in Medellín, in Barranquilla; and in some places there were blows as the more conservative students looked for street fights. These disturbances are very reminiscent of similar incidents when similar students in Montreal complained about the teaching in McGill. Their extent and obviously well-organized character finally forced the government to declare a state of siege in order to control them.

At long last, after all his attempts at appeasement had been mocked, President López resigned and President Lleras took over. Echandía, the radical standard-bearer, and Gabriel Turbay, the steady "party" man, did not figure, for they want

a chance to run next year when the provisional term expires. Whether they will be able to settle their differences or what coalition will result still remain to be seen; but it is quite evident that the reactionary forces in Colombia are now militant and prepared for the 1946 elections. Strangely enough, none of Gómez' serious opponents are true radicals, for Echandía's socialism is very moderate if it exists at all. However, the communists, or Social Democrats as they have dubbed themselves, have two seats in congress.

The situation is not aided by foreign interests like the big petroleum companies, who are still mindful of the lessons of Mexico, and are thus more helpful to the reaction than to the democratic elements. They do not like *cesantía* or quitpay, which discourages layoffs, the very low minimum wage, hospitalization and educational benefits, and above all, they want no confiscation of their oilfields or refineries. The United Fruit Company dislikes these laws so intensely that it has announced its withdrawal from the country; in this case, Canada, provided the government cares to buck United Fruit's selling monopoly up here, might help by sending banana boats like the old "Lady" ships into a port like Santa Marta, which is being threatened with being abandoned.

Unfortunately, too, the former U.S. Ambassador, Arthur Bliss Lane, who is now interpreting American democracy in Warsaw, has personally intervened to hinder the work of even non-political social service workers among his own countrymen. It is also a well-known fact in Bogotá that the head of the British cultural mission is an ardent admirer of Generalissimo Franco, and of what he prefers to call the "corporative" system.

Whether or not the reactionaries succeed will depend to a great extent upon whether northern South America and the Caribbean area take the same backward trend during the next few years. In a strategic country of ten million people, where a few families have vast holdings and the highest daily wage for a worker rarely reaches a dollar, the results may be critical. So keep your eyes on next year's elections in Colombia.

The Hill Farm

My father poured his sixty years back in the soil,
And fleet wild babies scampered in the shade.
I think it's well he died and did not know
His own four children never stayed.

One is a discontented dentist now,
Another plumbs inside the hood of cars,
A third sells breakfast food and I
Gaze longingly at distant stars.

My father watched the Russet orchards grow—
His vital self infused the trees,
And all the tropic fruits that dangled there
Were dimpled planets of the Pleiades.

On days when rain sank plowshares in the earth
Until his own plow rusted with the crop,
He flung his mind across the roots of storm
And willed the very rain to stop.

These latter days, the grapes took on a mottled hue
As if a Druid priest withdrew his charm;
The rocks have multiplied and yesterday
I sold the farm.

Alfred W. Purdy.

The LeBel Report and Civil Liberties

G. M. A. Grube

► IN THE INTRODUCTION to his report as Royal Commissioner on the charges made in the recent Ontario election by the CCF provincial leader, E. B. Jolliffe, against Mr. Drew and his government, Mr. Justice LeBel fully recognizes the importance of the principles involved. He states very clearly that the introduction of political police maintained to keep a government in power would be a serious departure from democratic principles, prejudicially affect the right of citizens, and lead to the rule of the dictator and the executive. Further, though in time of war no one is entitled to immunity from investigation, yet "if a government merely made use of the information it caused to be gathered in war time for the purpose of deliberately maligning its opponents, the self-same principles of our democratic system would be violated." And further, if the government, afraid of using this information directly, had—as Jolliffe charged—made indirect use of it for the same purpose, the result "would be precisely as iniquitous." (14)*

The Unreliability of Dempster's Reports

It is also undisputed that much of the information filed and passed on by Dempster from his office at 18 Surrey Place was of a political nature, and thoroughly unreliable. As the report states: "a great many statements found in the reports, records and card indexes at 18 Surrey Place were unreliable, misleading and even false."

When he goes on to deal with the charge of deliberate falsehood, both the Commissioner's reasoning and conclusion seem more curious. He says: (16)

"I am of the opinion that any person who gives thought to the matter will realize that many false statements are of necessity found in Police and Intelligence files and records. It is understood that the police of any force, large or small, usually act upon, and in fact could not function without, information received from any available source, and it follows that any written record of such information must ultimately be found to contain much that is unreliable and even untrue. *It cannot be inferred, therefore, that Constable Dempster, or those who worked with him in the special branch prior to June, 1943, wilfully gathered false information.* Furthermore, there was not a tittle of evidence in the proceedings to show that Constable Dempster knowingly and deliberately misrepresented the facts concerning any person or organization." (My italics.)

The premise is sound, but surely the conclusion does not follow. Granted that the police must take notice of all kinds of communications, newspaper reports and the like, and even keep them on file, and that they cannot be held responsible for their truth; yet surely if they incorporate that information in reports to their superiors, not as information received from certain quarters, but as information, they do become responsible. I have many books, newspapers, memoranda, etc., which are sent to me, and some of them I keep, and I should hate to be held responsible for the truth of all they contain. But if I write a book or article myself, and embody some of that information as my own, then I should be held responsible for it. It was Dempster's own reports, card indexes, etc., that contained misleading falsehoods. This is not only information

received, but passed on as true by Dempster. The Commissioner strangely ignores this obvious difference.

Further, much of it was quite imaginary and bore no semblance of truth. Some of it could very easily be checked. No effort was made to do so. Reports were elaborated by falsehoods untraceable to any source. Whether this is deliberate or not depends on proved intention or an inference from a sufficiently large number of instances. (16) For the most part, however, the Commissioner stated during the proceedings that he was not concerned with the truth or otherwise of cards and reports. There was therefore little opportunity to show up the falsehoods in many cases, and only after such an inquiry would an inference be justified one way or the other. As it is, the Commissioner bases his conclusion on the inevitable presence of wrong information in police files. But that does not explain at all its presence in the reports themselves, or on cards where such information is entered as correct.

The Sale of Untruth

The Commissioner then goes on to make an even more remarkable statement:

"Moreover, having regard to the nature of Mr. Jolliffe's charge, it is incredible to me that big business, through the agency of Messrs. Sanderson and Gladstone Murray, or any other agency, would be in the market for the purchase of palpable falsehoods. If Constable Dempster was of any value to big business it was because he possessed knowledge thought to be of value. Big Business did not need the assistance of Constable Dempster if it wanted to embark upon a campaign of lies and vilification. I am *therefore* convinced that neither Constable Dempster nor any other person mentioned by Mr. Jolliffe in his first radio address ever intended to publish anything which was deliberately false." (My italics.)

The premise here is very important. It is a personal opinion, an assumption upon which the findings are partly based. Yet it is obviously contrary to the facts of political life and of the more unscrupulous kind of advertising. If you want to slander a person, any lie won't do, you have to find one that is likely to be believed. The most likely lie about a public figure or untruth prettily dressed up in the advertising, will always find a ready market. It was the technique very successfully used by Sanderson, Trestrail and others in recent elections, and big business did pay money for it. The assumption, therefore, that big business did not need the help of Dempster, Sanderson, Gladstone Murray or anyone else if it intended a campaign of vilification, is quite contrary to the facts of life. And if the Commissioner is *therefore* convinced that neither Dempster nor any other person mentioned ever intended to publish anything deliberately false, one can only point out that the premise is not true, and the conclusion does not need to stand.

When Is a Branch Not a Branch?

One of the accusations was that the government had opened a special Branch at 18 Surrey Place. The government, on the other hand, said it was merely the old anti-sabotage branch continued. The importance of the name is that no branch of the police force may be opened without the consent of the Attorney-General.

The evidence is that the old anti-sabotage branch at Surrey Place was closed on instructions of Attorney-General Cross, now Judge Cross, who testified: (22)

"Mr. Stringer I thought left the impression that there was some suggestion that the branch was to be continued by reason of the fact that this man Dempster's resignation was not accepted. That certainly was not my understanding of it. The Branch was closed, and that was the end of the Anti-

*References are to sections of the Commissioner's report.

Sabotage Squad as far as government policy was concerned, and, as usual in the service, there was a place to be found for him, and he suggested that they find a place for him in the Criminal Investigation Branch."

and the report duly finds that the old branch was closed in June, 1943.

Dempster was an operative in the old branch, and resigned at that time. His resignation was accepted. Several incidents of unsatisfactory conduct had before then come to the notice of Inspector Hammond, and some of them at least reported to Deputy Commissioner McCready. However, after a conversation between Commissioner Stringer and the then Attorney-General, it was decided to try and find him a place at the Criminal Investigation Branch.

Meanwhile, the telephone was disconnected, the records and files from Surrey Place stored in the basement at Queen's Park. The evidence is a bit confused as to whether the desk remained or not, but it seems unimportant. Dempster seems to have been given the key to his old office. For the next three months he worked on a few cases but spent a good deal of his time "sitting" as he put it, in his old office. His main activity seems to have been to complain that they had taken away his files. No one seems to have taken much notice of him or his complaints. His instructions were "to carry on" but no one told him, apparently, what to carry on with. The Conservative government of Mr. Drew had meanwhile taken office on August 17, 1943.

Then, suddenly, on November 4, McCready receives a written document from Dempster. "To more effectively carry on the duty to which I have been assigned" . . . he wants a typewriter, a stenographer, a desk, an unlisted telephone, the use of a car—and his memo ends: "With the above assistance I believe I can keep you informed, on demand, of the rapidly changing situations in the province"—and there is no explanation as to what situations were rapidly changing at that time.

He gets all he asks for (except a special kind of motor license). He is put now in full charge of the office at 18 Surrey Place, thus re-equipped with all these things. On whose instructions is this done? The deputy commissioner, as far as the evidence shows, does it all on his own, without any consultation with his superior. Nor did he even now give Dempster any instructions whatever, except again "to carry on."

And then Dempster's political reports start to come in; the emphasis in his work certainly changed from what he had done before. The question is: Was this now a special branch or not?

As we saw, the Commissioner finds, in accordance with Judge Cross' evidence, that the old branch was closed. But beyond that the report is somewhat confused. It suggests that Dempster continue from the C.I.B. but partly in the Surrey Place office with the same work (though he admittedly did very little between July and November, and had no files, records or telephone). The Commissioner continues: (25)

"It is unfortunate that no memorandum on the closing of the special Branch was issued by Mr. Cross, the Attorney-General, or the Deputy Attorney-General, and I am satisfied that there was as a result a misunderstanding between Mr. Cross and Commissioner Stringer with regard to the nature of the work Constable Dempster was to perform after his transfer to the Criminal Investigation Branch."

Yet Mr. Cross is quite clear that the branch was closed, and as far as Dempster went that a place was to be found for him somewhere. And one would naturally suppose that the closing down of the branch as a matter of policy, implied

a change in the work. If Dempster was to carry on the same work from the same place throughout the summer, why take away his typewriter, telephone, files and filing cabinets? Yet the report states: (30)

"There is absolutely nothing to indicate that Commissioner Stringer ever received from the Minister or from anyone in the department any intimation that a change of policy was advisable in the matter of Constable Dempster's work."

That seems a strange conclusion. However that may be, if the taking away of that equipment was the result of a policy decision by the Attorney-General, one would expect their return in early November would be more than routine matter. Indeed the Commissioner himself seems to feel this when he says: (31)

"But, in my opinion, it is unlikely that the deputy commissioner approved of Dempster's various requests without first taking it up with the Commissioner."

Though there is no evidence that he did. On the other hand, the Commissioner is satisfied that Police Commissioner Stringer considered it "a routine matter," involving no government policy, which need not therefore be referred to the Attorney-General.

The evidence takes the matter up only to the Deputy Commissioner, McCready. Commissioner LeBel's guess is that it went as far as the Police Commissioner. We may guess it went perhaps even further up.

Although, then, the report finds that the old branch was definitely closed, and that the office was re-equipped but never became a branch again, police witnesses had suggested it was the same old branch all the time. Certainly Deputy Commissioner McCready did not supervise it as he should if it were part of the C.I.B. of which he was in charge.

The police witnesses, throughout the inquiry, constantly referred to the Surrey Place office as the special branch, and it is interesting to find Commissioner LeBel himself doing the same. At the beginning of his report, referring to the transfer of Constable Rowe to Surrey Place, he says: (8)

"He was to assist the officer in charge of *this branch*, by name William J. Osborne-Dempster . . ." (My italics.)

If that terminology is correct, then either the Police Commissioner was acting against regulations and open to severe censure, or Mr. Blackwell, the Attorney-General, knew all about it from the start.

Lastly, while suggesting later on that Commissioner Stringer's conduct is not open to much, if any criticism, and that he was justified in thinking he should carry on anti-subversive work, and also justified in providing Dempster with increased facilities, the Commissioner says:

"I do think, however, that Mr. Stringer should have mentioned Dempster to Mr. Blackwell after the latter became Attorney-General of this province, and should have explained the nature of the work in which Dempster was engaged."

Yet if it was routine C.I.B. work, why should he mention it? And if he should have mentioned it, then it was presumably not quite routine. The Commissioner does not seem to have answered very clearly our original question of when a branch is not a branch—especially as he himself so calls it, after all.

The Political Nature of Dempster's Work

At any rate, Dempster was given the facilities for what he called "the duty to which I have been assigned," though as far as his superiors testify, he was assigned no special work, but again told to "carry on." However that may be, what he now did was to send in political reports, in particular on CCF members of the provincial House, and the political

situation—under pretext of investigating “communism” or, as he himself put it “Communist activities, C.I.O. and CCF.” There is no need to labor the point that his activities were mainly political. No one denies it. The following titles of a few reports will show his kind of work:

“Some aspects of the recent Saskatchewan election, and its possible effect on the impending federal election as it affects Ontario.”

“Liberal, Labor Coalition government at Ottawa.”

“New Political Party organized in Detroit” (which is in connection with a visit of Jolliffe to that city).

“A trade union act for Ontario, drafted by F. A. Brewin.”

“Communist Control of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation.”

“Subject: CCF Caucus, Nov. 28, 1943.”

“C.I.O. Control and Domination of Canadian Socialist Political Party.”

“Present Radical Socialist Communist Strategy in Ontario.”

“Re: International Unity Trades Union Labor Congress to be held in London, England, June 5.”

“Re: Ontario Federation of Labor.”

etc., etc., to which should be added a “political” file with the names of candidates in the 1945 provincial election, with a card for each, and a list of 500 suspected “leftists” in labor unions, the basis of which no doubt antedated the newly equipped office, but against which prospective employees in certain war plants were checked during Dempster’s regime. Rowe testified that he had typed copies of it. And so it goes on, until we get reports on T. C. Douglas, Premier of Saskatchewan, and M. J. Coldwell, in the secret police files of the Province of Ontario.

Through Official Channels

Dempster first maintained that these reports went into his own files only, but the production of police files broke down that story. The copies went through official channels to Deputy Commissioner McCready, who only kept a copy if he got three or more, but in any case sent them on to Commissioner Stringer, and from him to Attorney-General Blackwell. It is a curious thing that the higher one gets in the provincial police, the worse their memory. McCready did not remember particular reports, though he got them all, and had to rely entirely on his files. He never gave any instructions to Dempster about the nature of the reports or the number of copies required. It would seem a fair inference, as Mr. Brewin put it, that he washed his hands of the whole thing. No wonder the Commissioner censures him: (77)

“I am satisfied that Inspector Hammond told Mr. McCready enough to have caused him to exercise a greater degree of supervision over Dempster than he appears to have done. In the result, I am of the opinion that the fact that Mr. Sanderson obtained from the files at 18 Surrey Place material for his advertisement, and that Dempster went off on a tangent with respect to the CCF party, were due to lack of proper supervision by Mr. McCready personally, or by an inspector or other senior officer, whom Mr. McCready should have put in charge after June, 1943, in the event that he himself had not time for proper supervision of the office.”

Commissioner Stringer received them but relied on his subordinate to read them. He sent all those reports, as confidential and signed D208 (*in accordance with the practice of the old anti-sabotage branch, when it was a branch*) direct to the Attorney-General’s desk. All other police reports went to the Deputy Attorney-General, a civil servant. The D208 reports alone went straight to Mr. Blackwell. And this went on for months.

Attorney-General Blackwell

When these political fabrications were placed on his desk—the only police reports so passed on to him—Mr. Blackwell paid little attention to them. Yet among them were reports on about ten fellow-members of the Legislature, including the Leader of the Opposition. And if they were true they were also pretty serious.

He says he looked at some of them but attached no importance to them; the one on Jolliffe in particular he thought “a lot of rot.” He did not realize they were made by a police constable. He was busy. He testified that only in June, 1944, he looked at them more carefully, and asked his secretary, who did not know, who was D208! This is what the report says on Mr. Blackwell: (52)

“However, after making all due allowance for the pressure under which he was working at the time, I am of the opinion that he should have gone to some trouble to ascertain the identity of ‘D208’ and how he obtained his information; and I think the Attorney-General should have found time to discuss these matters with Commissioner Stringer before dismissing the reports as of no importance. Had he done so, he would have at least discovered that the Ontario Provincial Police Force was carrying on anti-subversive work, and it is just possible, although not at all certain, that he might have investigated and come to the conclusion that Constable Dempster’s work was not all it should be. At all events, if he had looked into the matter he would have been saved the embarrassment of having to admit at the inquiry, as the Minister responsible for law enforcement in Ontario, that the Provincial Police had been carrying on anti-subversive work from the time he was sworn in until May, 1945, without his knowledge.”

The words are mild, but the censure is clear. Mr. Blackwell was at one time a Council member of the Civil Liberties Association. He is a man who should understand the danger of that kind of police work.

The Attorney-General exclaimed in his evidence: “I will say I am surprised today that the number of times I saw the Commissioner, neither he mentioned it to me nor did I inquire from him. I am surprised at that.” If Mr. Blackwell himself finds this surprising, he will not be surprised that others find it almost impossible to believe.

The Missing Copies

Both before and after June, 1944, the reports went on and on. On whose instructions? For what purpose? None of Dempster’s superiors to whom they came can give an answer. Yet from six to eight copies were made of each. The official files in most cases account for only three or less copies, and in some cases contain two originals. Where did the other copies go?

Dempster told Rowe they went to Gladstone Murray’s office downtown. He told Mrs. Freeman copies went to the Cabinet. He denies saying so, but neither the Commissioner nor anyone else trusts his evidence. On this point the report says (53):

“Amid such confusion (i.e. in Dempster’s office) it is more than likely that some of the missing copies have been misfiled or lost. On such evidence I am unable to find that they ever reached the Prime Minister or any member of the Cabinet other than the Attorney-General.”

This is hardly satisfactory, nor does it account for the large number of missing copies. We shall remember them when we find that on some occasions, at least, Dempster is proved to have given confidential information to Tory propagandists.

M. A. Sanderson

The first link in the propaganda chain with whom Dempster was in contact was M. A. Sanderson, whose violently anti-CCF advertisements are notorious. The evidence of Rowe, Miss Carruthers (Sanderson's one-time secretary) and Hall (his one-time partner) is clear, and a comparison of the ads of New Year 1944 with Dempster's own records prove, as the Commissioner finds, that those ads were drafted by both men in each other's offices. Further, the Commissioner concludes that the money paid to Dempster by Sanderson was not, as they allege, for professional services in the extermination of vermin but "for access to the files and records of the Special Branch" (it is a branch again!).

Gladstone Murray

The next link in the propaganda chain is Gladstone Murray. There is evidence from Rowe of frequent contacts and the Commissioner says (62):

"Undoubtedly, there were telephone conversations between Murray and Dempster, and between Murray and Sanderson, and probably many such conversations."

On one occasion, at least, Dempster is found to have communicated information from his files direct to Murray's office (who was away that day). Rowe typed a list of questions for Dempster, which were intended to be asked to embarrass Jolliffe at a meeting in Aurora. Major Suydam, from Murray's office, appeared at the meeting with friends and some of the same questions were duly asked. Major Suydam denies all knowledge of the list, but the Commissioner does not believe him and says (60):

"I am satisfied that Dempster put Suydam in possession of the list in some way and that Suydam took it with him to Aurora . . ."

So here we have one example of a direct tie-up with people in Murray's office. Is it likely to be unique, in view of the frequent conversations referred to above, between Murray, Sanderson and Dempster, which is also confirmed by Hall and Miss Carruthers?

In two other instances, Murray admits he received information or confirmation from Dempster, and when the Commissioner finds that "Murray should not be blamed for Dempster's lack of discretion" he seems generous to Murray.

Besides, there is one important piece of evidence ignored in the report, from an unprejudiced source. After Murray had made a speech on the likelihood of a general strike in Canada, Inspector McLelland of the R.C.M.P. asked him where he got his information. The answer was: from D208. The R.C.M.P. then ceased to worry. It is surely significant that the signature D208 which signally failed to impress itself on the memory of the Attorney-General should be so familiar to Gladstone Murray. It certainly looks as if he knew the whole set-up. Murray doubted if he had used the expression D208, though he did not deny he might have done so. The Inspector's memory, however, was quite clear. This surely is a most significant bit of evidence that should not have been ignored.

Propagandists and Politicians

Murray and Blackwell were acquainted, lunched together once, the evidence shows. They say the special branch was never mentioned. Sanderson also met Blackwell on various occasions, among them the Conservative convention at Winnipeg. Murray and Drew had met, and had discussed Murray's propaganda work, he says. Drew had used Sanderson in his professional capacity as an exterminator. On none of these occasions was Dempster, or Sanderson's ads, apparently discussed. The difficulty with their evidence is that it is hard for anyone who knows the facts of political life

to believe that these Tory propagandists and Tory politicians in office never discussed, when together, the methods and outlets of that propaganda, especially as Murray considered himself a point of reference for all so-called free enterprise propaganda. It should be added that the Commissioner accepts all their evidence at its face value.

George Drew

What disturbs one about the Premier's evidence is that he is apt to make violent assertions and stick to them through thick and thin. He reiterated at the inquiry, for example, that Flt.-Lt. Wismer had never navigated a bomber on operational flight, in the teeth of clear evidence to the contrary. He denied the very existence of D208 and his political reports right up to the election, long after he must have made the necessary enquiries. He admitted no contact with Murray in the period under review, and no correspondence with Sanderson of a personal nature, though Sanderson failed to account for one gap in his correspondence with the Premier, apart from the main letter in dispute.

The Drew Letter

This, of course, was the letter alleged to have been written by Drew to Sanderson regarding the expense of the libel suits following his ads.

The Commissioner accepts the evidence of Rowe that he saw what purported to be such a letter. He also accepts Miss Carruthers' evidence that Sanderson boasted of having received it. On the other hand, he accepts Mr. Drew's evidence that he never wrote it. And then he comes to the startling conclusion (51):

"Upon all the evidence I am of the opinion that Mr. Drew never wrote the letter which Rowe said Sanderson flashed before him, and that there was no such letter. Any other conclusion would be in the teeth of the evidence. What I do think is that what Sanderson held briefly in front of Rowe was something which had been prepared for the occasion."

C. W. Peppin

There is another curious link between Mr. Drew's office and Surrey Place. A Mr. C. W. Peppin, who had been making complaints about the Workmen's Compensation Board, wrote to the Premier on April 5, 1945. His complaint was acknowledged and on April 17 Dempster, on instructions, he says, of Chief Inspector Ward, investigated Peppin *to find out, in particular, whether he had trade union or political affiliations*. Peppin somehow found out and wrote again to the Premier, referring to the activities of his government's "undercover man" at 18 Surrey Place. Dempster again heard of this complaint and was disturbed (according to his original informant) about a "leak." Mr. Drew denies seeing these letters and the Commissioner accepts his denials.

The question remains, who in the Premier's office ordered a police investigation of Peppin's politics, a highly improper action, as Mr. Drew admits? And who told Dempster of the later complaint? This came up at the end of the proceedings. Ward had been sent to Red Lake on duty and Dempster, previously dismissed, had disappeared. But the Peppin case still deserves a separate investigation.

The Terms of Reference

These and other loose ends are due to the narrow terms of reference of this Commission. The people of Ontario expected a Royal Commission to inquire into the existence of a secret political police and its tie-up with Tory propaganda. But this Commission was set up

"To inquire into and report upon the charges made by Edward B. Jolliffe . . . that George Drew . . . established a secret political police organization for the purpose of col-

lecting, by secret spying, material to be used in an attempt to keep him in power . . . and into any elaborations of the said charges made by the said Edward B. Jolliffe . . ."

That the accusations against Mr. Drew personally were a proper part of the inquiry no one would deny, but there was much more. Police Council took their stand that all inquiry concerned only Mr. Drew, and strongly objected to the production of police records and the notebooks in which were Mrs. Freeman's shorthand notes of Dempster's reports. The Attorney-General himself backed them up in this. The records were produced, but the government certainly did not welcome this.

These restricted terms of reference must be kept in mind when we come to the Commissioner's general conclusion (74):

"Upon the various conclusions I have reached Mr. Drew, Mr. Murray and Mr. McCullagh could not possibly have had anything to do with seeking the defeat or discomfiture of the CCF party or other opposition elements by the employment of means mentioned by Mr. Brewin, or by any other means so far as the evidence goes. If, therefore, Mr. Jolliffe meant to charge that all five persons named by Mr. Jolliffe conspired together to effect a lawful purpose by the unlawful means suggested, I must conclude, as I do, that the charge utterly fails for lack of proof."

Ministerial Responsibility

He then refers to the principle of ministerial responsibility which Jolliffe urged should be taken into account, and says: "but this I could only do were I sitting in impeachment proceedings or in a court of law."

Ministerial responsibility was not, he says, mentioned in the charges he was to investigate, and he adds this vital sentence:

"I should, perhaps, observe, however, that by virtue of the same principle of Ministerial responsibility, Mr. Drew and his Cabinet were responsible for such fault or omission, if any, as may have come to light during this inquiry, and that their responsibility is to the members of the Legislative Assembly and to the electors of this province, who may or may not place reliance upon my findings and conclusions herein."

In other words, the government is responsible, but that is a matter for others to judge, not for him. He passes the ball to the Legislature—it's up to them to catch it.

In the same manner, the Commissioner deals very lightly with the labor angle, the list of 500 "suspected leftists" among trade unionists and with Dempster's activities regarding labor activities, in Hamilton and elsewhere. This, too, is a side of this whole question that still needs going into.

Constable Rowe

There is another angle of this report which demands the most immediate attention from those interested in civil liberties. The Commissioner says (78):

"In my opinion Rowe was not entitled to show Mr. Jolliffe and others secret and confidential documents from the files of Surrey Place, any more than Dempster was entitled to do so in Sanderson's case."

But surely there is a world of difference between a man who gives or (as the report states) sells confidential information to an outside propagandist, information which is of political importance only and largely false, and a man who complains to his elected representative of clearly proved malpractices in the police force, malpractices which he has good reason to suspect his superior officers are deliberately ignoring, if indeed they are not directly implicated.

To ignore this difference is to fail to understand the privileges of both citizens and members of parliament. In a far more serious case, involving the disclosure of highly secret military information to a member of parliament in Britain (the Sandys case) the British House took a very different view and their special committee's report is very relevant to this question. But the Commissioner only says that a police constable, like a soldier, can only complain to his superior. On the contrary, both a soldier and a police constable have citizen rights. Moreover, if the Commissioner's view were adopted, no opposition could function effectively and abuses would never be corrected. *Who doubts that, if Rowe had remained silent, the same nefarious work would still be going on at Surrey Place? And that in itself is his justification.*

For between the two men there is no comparison. Though the Commissioner considers that Constable Rowe was gullible, and on one or two minor points confused, he never questions his good faith or his motives. Indeed, he accepts the evidence of all witnesses who testified in support of Mr. Jolliffe's charges. The evidence just does not go far enough to prove the accusations in full. On the other hand, he pointedly rejects the evidence of both Dempster and Sanderson at every turn. He disbelieves Major Suydam, and he must surely have been dismayed by the poor memory of our highly placed police officers.

Much might be said or written about the manner in which the charges were made, and in particular the personal charges against Mr. Drew. Those things are now of minor interest. The main thing is that the inquiry has proved that there was something very rotten at 18 Surrey Place, that those high officers of the police and the Crown who must have been aware, or certainly should have been, at least did nothing whatever to stop it. For all this, for Dempster and his political spying, his utter unreliability, and the fact that he collected precisely such misinformation as could be most useful to the Tory propagandists to whom he gave it or sold it, for all that the Government was, and remains, responsible. And their responsibility is not less, but infinitely greater, because that misinformation was deliberately used, with full knowledge of its origin, in campaigns against the opposition party, and therefore in support of the party in power, and thus played some part in keeping it there.

It is up to the Legislature and the people of this province to see that this rotten blot upon the credit of our police force is cleared up once and for all.

Late Afternoon

Leaf patterns bar and fret the yellow wall,
Leaf shadows imminent with desire of evening;
Wind-purple, moon-dark, they merge
Into one night, one dark wall, green-leaf-patterned.

The sun is bright
Amber on the yellow church;
The leaf shapes move the bricks,
The rooted stone.

Underblown currents lift the sea-barred leaves.
There is a wall, there is a tree,
But the intangible longing is beyond reaction.

Heat fades, and night will come
With cold leaf patterns
And there will be no wall, no tree,

Only time, and the sound of water.

Margaret R. Gould.

The Common Man

A. J. M. Smith

1.

Somewhere his number must have been betrayed,
Caught in the dazzle that the goldfish made
Or lost in the gas of the first mock raid.

A jittery clerk with a slippery pen
Condemned him to limbo, a headless hen
Gyrating about in a bloodstained pen.

He lived by luck and a sense of touch.
These were his two gifts and they were not too much.
One was a black patch and the other a crutch.

He lived at last on scraps of a food card
Chewed up and torn and found in the yard
Beside a corpse the death ray only charred.

2.

To survive, at first an escapist's whim,
Became with time, as his trim grew slim,
Less a point of honor than a duty grim.

He was the only man in the world
Not registered. He was a node, a furled
Forgotten flag, a still point still unwhirled.

His function was to stand outside.
At first he thought this helped him when he tried
To tell who told the truth, who plainly lied.

He was the unseen watcher standing there
By the sweating statue in Parliament Square,
The one who could not care and had to care.

His job was to listen in on the queues,
To decode the official releases, and fuse
The cheers on parade with the jeers in the mews.

3.

The diminishing pressure of hands
Gave him a valuable clue. Mourning bands
Were not worn, but he noticed that sands

Were much sought after for building castles on.
(The castles might crumble but not burn down.
Incendiaries fizzle in sand and soon are done.)

The dead were not mentioned though each was planted.
Even the stricken areas were not haunted.
The dead, being of spirit, were not wanted.

4.

At last his "amour-propre" became "the public weal":
He was the common man, Platonic and ideal,
Mercurial and elusive, yet alive and real.

He was the public good, the target one
At whom each sugar-coated poison-spraying gun
Was levelled. Whatever was done was done

To him. He was the ear communicues
Addressed, the simple mind for which the maze
Of policy was clarified. His praise

Was what the leaders said was their reward.
To pierce his heart the patriotic sword
Was dipped in ink and gall and flourished hard.

5.

He fell, of course — an abstract man
Who ended much as he began,
An exile in a universal plan.

Not to let the leaders down became his mission;
To ascertain their will was his obsession;
His hope, somehow to wangle their permission

To stand and be himself and have a name
And shake abstraction's disembodied shame
And play, not overlook, the murderous game . . .

He boils a soiled shard of his purloined card
And bends where the lamplight ends over the hard
Important puzzle. The ignorant policeman walks the yard.

So Pure a Jone

So pure a tone
moves off the meadow—
off the roan
tussocks and the rotted sedge
and alders with their feet
in the swamp's edge!
Around the bend,
darker than plum,
in braids of crystals,
coiling without end,
the brook waters come.
Breath of November, harsh
restorative exhalation
of mud and marsh,
distilling into the dusk
an acrid incense
more puissant than musk!
The stifled lungs draw in, seize—
as if to burst—
on these cold water-filtered spices,
hoping at length to appease
an unappeasable thirst.

Christine Turner Curtis.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

Film Review

D. Mosdell

Hollywood has always put a great deal of effort into persuading the public that if life is not like a slick magazine story, it most certainly ought to be. The movies have been teamed up for years now with the national advertisers, inducing the tired business girl to lap up the enchanted cottage, the Mixmaster, and the perennial courtship with the same alacrity that the would-be man of distinction laps up Lord Calvert. Men of discrimination have usually found it fairly easy to avoid the more obvious movie versions of Cloud-Cuckooland; but judging from the storms of protest that pictures like *A Song To Remember* and *Rhapsody in Blue* have aroused in some quarters, there now seem to be at least three widely separated groups of movie-goers seeing the new pseudo-biographical films about musicians and composers.

The largest and most profitable section of the movie-going population line up for blocks for their culture without tears, and are pleased with what they get. They have heard some of the music of Chopin or Gershwin on the radio (sponsored by Ford or Electro-Lux), but they know nothing about their lives, and are consequently neither surprised nor shocked by what the movies tell them. The idea of an artist being more or less wedded to his art strikes them as novel and romantic, particularly since the composers seem to have been able to have their cheesecake and eat it too. They leave the theatre whistling the melody from the master's least distinguished work, all the more impressed with the idea that life can be beautiful, since the picture has given them to understand that artists were and are exactly like everybody else, happy in precisely the same bourgeois terms; only more so, because of their talent and luck.

The next most vocal group know something about music and about the composer's life, and complain bitterly on both scores. They allege that Chopin was badly done by in *A Song To Remember*; that too much emphasis was laid on his talent for the delicately morbid occasional piece, and that his real strength and versatility was practically ignored, or, worse still, represented only by the Polonaise, indifferently played. On the practical side, they point out that George Sand was at least as devoted to de Vigny as to Chopin, that she was kind and nursed him through serious illness, and that they quarrelled because he helped one of her grown daughters to elope, and not because he was equally determined to help the cause of Poland. In the case of the Gershwin film, they maintain that there was no such person as Julie; that though he was young, brash and American, his best work, witty and original, was done in the field of musical comedy songs, and was scarcely represented at all in the picture; and that the *Rhapsody* so much insisted upon as his masterpiece is what Levant in *A Smattering of Ignorance* terms "derivative"—a modern adaptation of Grieg's adaptation of something by Liszt.

The third group is composed of people who may or may not know music or the details of the composer's life. They are interested in good movies *per se*, and argue that it does not really matter how much historical fact is distorted if the fable of the picture is convincing in itself, and if the picture is a whole in itself; look at Shakespeare, they are apt to say, vaguely. From the point of view of this group, there were some good things about *A Song To Remember*. Merle Oberon as George Sand was very lovely and absurd; but for once in a way a woman in pictures had a mind of her own, used it, and acted independently as a human being.

Indeed, Hollywood showed unusual restraint in not having George Sand present at that ridiculous deathbed scene, where Chopin tossed in picturesque agony and a frilled night-shirt, and Liszt played softly in the background. The fact that that is how it really happened is of course completely irrelevant. What really justifies the picture's existence is its successful creation of a kind of Parisian salon audience and atmosphere into which Chopin and Liszt fitted in their day, and which is gone, probably forever, from our society, along with the music that was written for it.

Rhapsody in Blue by contrast had none of these virtues. The costumes were intermittently period, according to whim; the music was orchestrated in a 1945 style (although it was written in the 20's), and had none of the nervous jumpy rhythm associated with popular music of that period and with much of Gershwin's work and character. Finally, the illusion that we were seeing a picture about people who really lived was completely destroyed by the inclusion of Oscar Levant as himself; he was obviously a genuine person and a genuine comedian in a company of hams and nonentities. Take it away.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor:

As *The Canadian Forum* so frequently insists on parading its independence from the CCF, perhaps a spot of disowning is in order on the other side.

As a director of *The Canadian Forum*, and also the President of the Ontario CCF, may I be allowed to explain my own position to your readers? As you know, I have not for a long time seen anything before it appears unless I write it myself, nor was there any reason why I should.

It is not only for myself that I disclaim responsibility. I should hate our comrades in other provinces to feel that any responsible officer of the CCF in this province was responsible for the publication of Professor Pemberton's article in the midst of their election campaigns (the article itself was unobjectionable if peevish), or responsible for that editorial introduction to the effect that elections were in the background for a few years, on October 1—with three provincial elections upon us!

I wish to protest against the smugness of your comments on justified criticisms from your correspondents. In fact, the more justified their criticisms the more peevishly smug your comments. Why can't you admit you're wrong once in a while, and leave it at that?

I wish also to protest, very strongly, against the tone of your editorial on foreign affairs in the last issue, which is undoubtedly the Forum at its worst. Much that the writer says is true. Other things he cannot possibly know. But what distresses me is the way in which he seems to revel in the world's miseries. Bevin is condemned as a national-socialist (are we going to have the *Forum*, as well as *Trestrail*, talking of national socialism?) and an imperialist. There is no attempt to understand the struggles or difficulties of the British government. Their policies are fitted into an a priori and doctrinaire "imperialist" formula. I am not so much complaining even of that—it is a well known procedure of the pure academic—but I do not like the apparent delight taken in that condemnation. And is it justifiable on any standard to speak of Bevin and Molotov as "these heavy London and Moscow bruisers"? If that is irony, give me a few straight insults. At least let such articles be signed, for they express personal opinions only.

Someone suggested that the CCF be taken to the cleaners. Well, we try to take ourselves to the cleaners once a year anyway. Perhaps the *Forum* should follow that example.

GEORGE M. A. GRUBE,
Toronto, Ont.

The Editor:

Orchids to Mr. Pemberton!

It is about time the CCF cleaned house. Our movement has become recognized, respectable. Has it become sterile? Naive? We no longer enthuse the hearts of youth. Youth no longer regards us as something vibrant and refreshing but "just another party." We need to infuse in our ranks a lot more enthusiasm and emotion. We need something to warm, to clean and refreshen.

Mr. Pemberton is correct in his demand for a re-thrashed and clear-cut program. This would do much to clear statements which appear muddled and incoherent to the many thousands of our citizens who have not given thought to our social problems. In the *Montreal Star* of October 8 is a glaring instance of a statement of an issue which affects nearly every Canadian. Is the CCF committed to the cancellation of interest on Victory Bonds, as stated by Clarie Gillis, or is it not?

Some of us are far too prone to attribute our electoral misfortunes to "Trestail," etc. At home (Trois Rivières) I receive every provincial CCF paper as well as *News Comment*. Nowhere did we in any of our papers give a point by point answer to Trestail. Instead the mud we threw made Trestail's ads look moderate by comparison.

AL GLASSMAN,
Montreal, P.Q.

The Editor:

You did a good thing in publishing "The CCF Should Get Wise to Itself." Of course the *Regina Leader-Post* took pieces out of it, and twisted it around to suit their purpose of maintaining capitalism, the profit-system, the commercialized democracy they for sometime have been calling free enterprise. No doubt many other enemies of our movement have done, and will yet do, the same. But that is to be expected, and is not important.

The important thing is that you have brought out into the open something that is bothering a number of us who realize that the three essentials of the people's movement in Canada are: organized labor, co-operative enterprise and CCF political action, and that we have to do some hard work to further develop and co-ordinate these three essentials into one powerful movement—one powerful movement capable of deepening, broadening and heightening democracy to use the tremendous technological development of our age for construction.

We have nothing to lose in frank self-analysis. We have everything to lose in superficial synthesis.

Your attitude of self-criticism and getting down to fundamentals is not new. It is the attitude in action that, back in the early thirties, laid a basis for CCF success in Saskatchewan. It is a necessary grass-roots attitude that is today being revived here for continued advancement.

JIM WRIGHT,
Landis, Sask.

The Editor:

Prof. Frye deserves the thanks of all of us for the good reading he has provided in your September and October issues. It would be indeed a pleasure, did your space allow,

to specify almost countless examples of penetrating insight and felicitous expression. I do feel however that on one or two points, which I believe to be important, his treatment is somewhat inadequate; and the long-range importance of the subject is such that I hope you will be able to find room for the comments which follow.

Prof. Frye writes as if he believes that the "gentleman," defined as he defines him, and educated according to the principles he advocates, would be something like the ideal citizen of a civilized democracy. That citizen, however, must be trained not only so that he may use his leisure intelligently; also that he may play some part in the community life efficiently. This latter requirement calls for (1) some technique, of whatever kind, providing that it be socially valuable (which of course need not mean economically valuable), and (2) a more general but at least equally valuable technique, or art, of living as a full member of a society of co-operative and purposeful human beings.

It is perhaps a result of Prof. Frye's inadequate concept of the type of man that we need to produce, that he seems to restrict beyond reason the range of study and experience requisite to build into people standards by which to live well. At this point indeed he seems almost reactionary. He thinks that these standards can be acquired, and apparently that they can only be acquired by study of "the genuine thinkers and artists." Surely a broader and a deeper humanism would maintain that no one can acquire a set of standards adequate for contemporary civilized living unless he be intimately (by which I do not mean elaborately) aware not only of the history of great endeavor in war, politics, economic life, and other fields, but also of the values for civilized living, including moral living, which are implicit or potential in the study of the sciences, especially biology.

What is needed I take to be—in addition to a measure of practical experience, which subject is beyond my present purview—(1) some specialized technique or techniques, as mentioned above; (2) some real knowledge, and the more the better, of the fundamentals of history (in the widest sense), of art (also in the widest sense), and of science; and (3)—this is the crux of our educational problem of the future—a discipline which will both integrate the results of these studies and distil from them an elixir of consistent values, a design for living. We need, in fact, a broader base for our educational program than Prof. Frye suggests.

Perhaps it is not quite too much to hope that this testimony, from a teacher of Greek and Latin, to the vital importance of very different disciplines, may contribute its iota to the solution of what, to the believing and practising democrat, is perhaps the most crucial of all problems.

R. E. K. PEMBERTON,
London, Ont.

The Editor:

I am editing and collecting the poems and papers of Raymond Knister, the Ontario farm writer whose work was appearing in periodicals such as yours in the twenties and early thirties. If any of your readers possess articles or letters of Knister, I should appreciate borrowing them and will return them promptly. Any other material or recollections would be helpful in preparing my memoir.

DOROTHY LIVESAY,
(Mrs. D. C. Macnair),
403 Seventh Ave.,
New Westminster, B.C.

Old Man

Brought to earth—the runner with souvenirs.
Slowed to a standstill in a northern garden
he remembers the lazy houseboat at Cashmere,
tulips on the roofs of the public buildings,
the caravan in Germany,
girl in a trance
and the pony-cart he drove on the roads of France.

Now in his green-legged trousers and here where
he had never wished to be, in this new this north
land with a foreign people he cannot know
he walks the wild bewildering woods alone
wearing a sweater
found a decade ago
high up among the gentians near the snow.

Read classics as a boy. At fifty threw
the blue and golden volumes from his room
in a hotel in Venice one clear noon.
Changed to detective tales of death by-passed
and certain comics—
Batman, Superman
which prove the last shall surely be the first.

Always he had loved the flowers and here for his eyes
camas lilies—Mary-blue and gorse—
its sweetness on the air by the water; flowers—
a picnic of them—fritillery, indian's purse
better when picked
held in his ancient hand
than growing from a strange and foreign earth.

But now, war ending, exiled among winds
and too familiar servants, he desires
Europe and yesterday—and the flowers pale
before his paling eyes and the vivid grass
fades to a wash.

He hates this pallid place
and dreams of a bright green future in the past.
P. K. Page.

Museum

Out of the Rodin Museum,
down the shallow steps,
on the cool flagstones
the early spring hedges
rustle in sunlight.

Inside, the beautiful
and slightly dated statues.
The marble is smooth,
the heads too noble
and the carved rock
is garrulous.

The face gaped open-mouthed,
too explicit for sorrow—
illusioned hands
rising from oceans,
excalibur in glass
mirrored a lake.

The face of sorrow
was where? Wind lifts
the sun patches, dissolves
them in traffic; now
something is missing.

My blanched face is pale
and bitter as almond;
my eyes search the courtyard:
nothing and nothing.
I am sad now and older
than any other year.

My sorrow is dated;
it undoes our times;
soft and illusioned
it catches the sun
on the statues and all
their vague repetitions.

Miriam Waddington.

The Storm

Morning is more still
Than the long pause
Stretching awkwardly across the room;

All the winging things are waxed from flight
The mourning dove laments on rigid air
A whistle splits the atmosphere
Skull's skin is paper thin
Migraine is seeping in.

The westward day
Blows aerial jibes
At rooted earth
Puffing omened gusts
At ruffled looking grass.
The panicked leaves
Rattle soft green bones
On agitated trees.

Anne Wilkinson.

Split Atoms

At first
Bee sting
Sufficed;
Then venom thinned
When likened to
A man and woman
Spliced;
Then Eve and Adam
Bowed
To splintered steel
Pinged into guts;
Then guns grew rigid
Watching wings
Deliver stings
Then even wings were not enough
To flee the dust.

Anne Wilkinson.



BOOKS OF THE MONTH

EUROPE IN REVOLUTION: John Scott; Thomas Allen (Houghton Mifflin Co.); pp. 274; \$3.75.

Scott argues that Hitler and the war have advanced the "collectivist revolution" in Europe; that most people there do not want to go back to conditions as they were before 1939, and could not, if they wanted to; that the only cliques that would look back with nostalgia to this vanished past have now lost much of their property and stand powerless to resist the trend toward socialization.

To prove this, Scott counts mainly on two facts:

- (1) that much of industry in Germany and her former satellites had already passed into the hands of the Nazi state or of individual Nazi lords, and can now become the property of the liberated states;
- (2) that the big landed estates of Central and Eastern Europe are being divided up among the hitherto landless peasants.

Both of these trends are roughly true in what is now the Russian zone. Are they also true in the British-American area? Scott tells nothing about nationalization and land-reform in Italy, Greece, Western Austria, Western Germany; there is little to tell. Scott can at least argue that the ruling classes in these latter countries are locally discredited and would get rough justice if left to the mercies of their own people. But for the time being they seem well protected. What will happen if they are tided over for the next few months or years?

Scott wisely skips such questions as this. At the time of writing (some months ago) he had no first-hand information to bear on them. His book should be taken for what it is, thoughtful journalism, not socio-geo-politics. His observation post during the war was Stockholm, with trips to adjacent spots, like Helsinki. Before the war he had known industrial Siberia; his *Beyond the Urals* is still the best book on the subject. So the most valuable part of the present book is his account of wartime Scandinavia and Russian foreign policy.

Sweden just now is at a comfortable distance from a "collectivist revolution"—unless these big words are toned down to mean a streamlined pattern of social security measures, price controls, wage controls, and plans for public works to ease large-scale unemployment. Finland—well, it is a wonderful chapter, worth the price of the whole book. Ryti, Tanner & Co. told Scott early in 1945, when the Russians were pressing hard for capitulation, that war between Russia and the Anglo-Saxon powers was an imminent possibility; if Finland gave up, what would the democratic nations do for a "bulwark against bolshevism" in such a handy spot?

When the Russians finally got into Helsinki they ran into something else, which goes a long way to explain how their troops behaved later on elsewhere in Europe:

"We walked down to the market-place on the Esplanade. Here several hundred Finnish housewives were buying, without coupons and at reasonable prices, rabbits, pheasants, fresh and salt fish, a vast assortment of fruits and vegetables, buttermilk, and odd items such as mustard. The eyes of the Russian opened as wide as saucers. 'What the hell is this—did they win the war or lose it?' he said. 'In Moscow you can't touch this stuff at these prices without coupons.'"

The living-space allowance in Finland after the war was one room per person. In Magnitogorsk in the middle thirties it had been one room per family; in Moscow it had been worse. One can imagine the feelings of the Russians as they see these things: "So we tightened our belts ten, fifteen years,

to fight and win this war. Our people died by the thousand in Leningrad, Moscow, etc., because they couldn't get food enough or coal to heat their homes during the war. Are we going to see the people who fought this insane war against us enjoying higher living standards than we are likely to have for years?"

"We can reconstruct our country in ten years with help," said a Russian diplomat to Scott, "or in thirty years with hunger." If the rest of the world—meaning chiefly the U.S.A., but also Canada and other countries—decide "thirty years with hunger" for Russia, the Russians can not be expected to take it with a tolerant smile. If they have been tough before, they will be tougher still in the years to come. And being tough here does *not* mean "imperialism." As Scott argues, Russia does not need more territory. It needs peace. If the rest of the world is to treat it as a moral leper, then it will have to depend on its own resources for the keeping of this peace, as well as for its economic reconstruction. It will, therefore, look to its own "security belt" and make its own arrangements, political and economic, with the nations in this zone. It will co-operate with a United Nations Organization, but always with what Scott calls, a trifle pretentiously, a "three-dimensional foreign policy"—i.e., with Plan B in its files, all ready for use if Plan A should fall through.

There is another thesis in Scott's book: capitalism is becoming more "socialistic," as government is forced to control industry, provide employment, etc.; Russian communism is softening many of its earlier puritanic asperities, though without giving up public ownership; therefore, Scott thinks, the socialism-communism controversy is fast becoming out of date. Out of date it would certainly be if this "socialization" of capitalism were such that the national income of countries like Canada and the U.S. could double in the next four years as double it did in four years of war-production. This, the author sapiently observes, "requires production for consumption instead of for profit, which means planning." Capitalism producing "for consumption instead of for profit" would certainly be a strange, new thing under the sun. I for one would like to see this miracle happening, before wasting words on whether its proper name is capitalism, socialism, or something else.

Gregory Vlastos.

THE DEATH OF VIRGIL: Hermann Broch (Translated by Jean Starr Untermyer); Jonathan David (Pantheon); pp. 493; \$6.95.

This book fits easily into none of the accepted literary classifications; it is neither novel, lyric poem, history, nor philosophy, but elements of all four are interwoven in its composition. Its general character is suggested by the description of it on the jacket-cover as a prose poem in the epic tradition, and by the translator's emphasis on the symphonic aspect of the work, "the four main parts of the book stand in the same relation to each other as the movements of a symphony or quartette, and somewhat in the manner of theme and variations the successive part becomes a lyrical self-commentary on the parts that have preceded it."

The narrative itself is brief; the poet Virgil, weary and ill, arrives in Brundisium on the eve of Augustus' birthday, and is borne on a litter to the rooms prepared for him in the imperial palace; he has with him a chest containing the manuscript of the Aeneid, completed but still lacking his final revision, and he knows that Augustus expects the dedication of it to him on his birthday. That night, when physical weakness has blurred the distinctions between reality, recollection, and desire, his mind goes back over the half-remembered episodes of his life, and the darkness is

peopled with shapes of his memory and imagination: Plotia, the love of his youth, Lysanias, his own early self, his friends, and many others whom he never knew but saw once in a revealing moment of experience. During the night, his perceptions sharpened by the awareness of death, Virgil seems to see the significance of life and the dilemma of all art—that it is only a symbol of reality—and a profound dissatisfaction with his life-work, the *Aeneid*, which seems to him now merely a thing of “empty forms and empty words,” makes him resolve to destroy the manuscript. He feels that somehow, if he can be rid of his failure, he may still grasp the reality of life. On the morrow, death comes, and before the poet can carry out his purpose. Augustus, having no understanding of why Virgil wishes to destroy the *Aeneid*, forces him to give us the manuscript.

The action is, therefore, concerned with only one theme, the poet's vision of the meaning of his life and art, and the narrative does no more than provide a background for this. It is written in the third person, as an inner monologue in which outer events and actual conversations appear within the consciousness of the poet, part of his inner mind and feeling. This subjective treatment is carried out skilfully by a division into four parts or movements, each with its own mood and style.

The first is Arrival, the account of the poet's landing in Brundisium and progress to the imperial palace. Its tempo is andante, and its style that of narrative and description, though always with an abstract quality about it. The second is called Descent, and it deals with the night when the dying poet's feverish yet lucid thoughts play about the deepest problems of human thought and feeling. It is an adagio movement with sentence structure and syntax adapted to its mood. The sentences are very long and the syntax extraordinarily complicated. This is the central part of the book where philosophy and lyric poetry are combined; at its best it is moving and impressive, but the idiom is so foreign to the English language that at times it imposes an almost impossible strain on the reader and so falls short of complete success. The difficulty would be less apparent in the original German.

The third part is Expectation, an allegro movement, whose theme is the conversation between Virgil and Augustus in which the political and social issues of the period emerge, and Augustus voices his concept of the state, of his task, and of Rome's destiny. The reviewer found this the most satisfactory portion of the book. The actual conversation is skilfully worked into the stream of consciousness plan of the whole, the historical detail is accurate, and the discussion of political philosophy stimulating. The finale, called Homecoming, concerns the poet's death. It is pure symbolism and mysticism. Opinions about it will differ, but to this reviewer it was an anti-climax.

The translator's task was a very difficult one, and has been carried out with accuracy, fidelity, and sympathy, as well as a high degree of literary ability.

M. E. White.

EMILY CARR—HER PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES: Oxford; pp. 64; \$1.00.

Until recently, anyone inquiring about Emily Carr would have found little information about the painter herself. Her exuberant canvases have been given increasingly more space in shows in the last ten years but few people have known her personally. There were stories of her as a somewhat eccentric woman who lived with parrots and a pet monkey, who frequently hitch-hiked the British Columbia roads with her trailer. But except to intimate friends, her career has been

little known. Now comes a study which gathers together much needed information and helps dispel certain misconceptions about her, one of which was that she was completely self-taught.

Ira Dilworth in his excellent little biography, tells of her studies in Vancouver, in San Francisco, London and Paris. After her return from France in 1911 she began to experiment in her own Canadian surroundings along lines that were stirring the art world of Paris. Rebuffs and ridicule she met with on every side and for twenty years her painting was in the doldrums while she earned a living running an apartment house and raising dogs. Her meeting with Lawren Harris and encouragement given her by the National Gallery and the late Eric Brown set her to work again.

In this beautiful catalogue, The National Gallery of Canada and The Art Gallery of Toronto pay tribute to Emily Carr in a memorial show of her work. The illustrations in color and black and white make it a valuable record, enhanced by the commentary of Lawren Harris who more than anyone else encouraged her.

He says, isolated as she was for most of her life, she evolved her own way of seeing and her own technique of expression. Her life with the Indians gave her work a unique quality no other interpreter has achieved. Her search was for solidity, for an underlying form, for she felt “There is something bigger than fact.” In her pictures growth of vegetation and surging rhythms seem to carry on forever beyond what little pattern man may try to impose. Those who have not seen Emily Carr's paintings of the giant trees of British Columbia and the Indian villages she knew so well should gain much from this catalogue.

H. F.

NOT IN OUR STARS: Josiah E. Greene; Macmillan; pp. 588; \$3.25.

To walk in on a group of milkmen making their day's returns, weary from hours of overwork and customers' complaints, fearful of having their routes cut, more fearful of losing their already underpaid jobs, and yet turning on the one of them who preaches union—then to pass in dignity to the Office; the inner sanctum where sit the management, holding the strings and playing these men as marionettes; that is the highly effective approach of Josiah Greene to the problem of his book.

From that we slip easily into the concentrated life of the Weyland Meadows Dairy Farm. It is not a “company town” in the best sense of that term. No provision is made either for the health or cultural activities of the group. Farm families and office families are forced into a vicious inbred communal life by economic circumstances. The ambitious wife turns on her husband for not advancing as he should, and the mother fights fiercely to prevent her daughters from association with the “farm men.” But there are no other men for the daughters to meet, so gossip, spite and tragedy ensue. On the delightful countryside human folly has made of Weyland Meadows a canker.

It is to this maelstrom of petty hatreds and frustrations that Clint Matlock, the new office assistant is introduced. He is farm-bred, intelligent and educated, and loses a long, well-fought battle to bring harmony and justice from chaos. The conclusion is not so soothing as the commentary on the jacket blurb would have us believe. It is an honest, well-told tale and the numerous characters vivid. So the finale is not entirely unexpected. When the workers attempt unionization and present their demands, they are outwitted in so clever a manner by the manager that they leave his presence in a mental haze, grateful that he has not sold out the dairy to

eastern companies (he had no intention of doing so) and that they still have their jobs.

Then Clint Matlock left.

"The fight's not over," he said. . . . "Jerry and Ed have the right to say 'We're the bosses—the rest of you don't count.' . . . Well there was a time when our rulers didn't consult their people about governing either; and some still don't. Maybe the right of ownership—like the divine right of kings—is to be wrong. That's why I'm getting out; because I don't believe that 'whatever is right,' and because this is the only way I can say so."

It is pleasant to note that by this, his third book, Sergeant Josiah Greene, U.S. Army, won the Macmillan Centenary Award of \$2500 for Fiction.

Eleanor McNaught.

CENCI: Arthur C. Hicks and R. Milton Clarke, Editors; Caxton; pp. 156; \$3.50 (U.S.A.).

SANDSTONE: Anne Marriott; Ryerson; pp. 42; \$1.50.

Shelley's poetic drama, "The Cenci," has been given only six stage productions since it was written in 1819, the most recent being in Bellingham, Washington, in 1940. The enthusiastic reception of the Bellingham presentation is responsible for this new edition in which the play is printed with the stage directions used on that occasion, together with a short survey of the earlier productions.

It is a great play, though it is the vigor of Shelley's splendid intellect that makes it so, for it is devoid of either comedy or romance and I should think its general effect upon an audience would be rather terrifying. The first two acts exhibit the extremely cruel character of Count Cenci; most of the third act is devoted to the impact of what is considered his worst crime, the raping of his daughter, Beatrice; in the fourth act the Count is murdered by his family; the fifth is chiefly taken up with the moralizing of Beatrice in prison previous to her execution.

Today this work seems largely historic. Beatrice is victimized by her father, finds no help in the corrupt Italian sixteenth-century society about her, and goes to her death with moral fortitude as her distinguishing quality. Many of her lines suggest Shelley himself as a free spirit opposing the reactionary forces of the early nineteenth century. But to consider her an embodiment of good, and her father an embodiment of evil, as did some earlier reviewers, would be to impose a set of values upon the play inappropriate to modern understanding. The character of the Count is too intense and complicated to be satisfactorily counterbalanced by the mere goodness of a young girl; and we could not explain his behavior, as Shelley does in his introduction, as an outcome of "moral deformity." The Cenci's own statement of his delight in inflicting pain upon others marks him as a sadist; and the current Webster's dictionary defines "sadist" as a special type of sexual pervert. Anthropologists now regard the dread of incest as a hangover from prehistoric savagery. But in "The Cenci" incest is considered a greater crime than murder. The Count had already committed several murders when the play opens, but the purpose of almost all the third act is to convey the fact that something terrible has happened to Beatrice, though one can only surmise its nature from innuendoes and expressions of horror.

But apart from the tragic episodes of the drama the dominance of the Cenci himself is disturbing. In his primitive cruelty he stands out as the most strikingly human of the characters. Beatrice with all her goodness can do nothing better than conspire to kill him, to be killed in turn herself by society. And the figure of the Count, mocking and ruthless and with all the vitality of human destructiveness, still looms up after the play has ended.

Books for Christmas

TWENTIETH CENTURY

VERSE—An Anthology

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Anne Marriott's book contains most of her previously published poems and a few new ones. "The Wind Our Enemy," which first appeared in 1939, probably has the widest popular appeal of the lot. In it she describes poignantly the western farmer facing destitution after a prolonged dry spell. Her other contributions, which are shorter, maintain a similar level of alert observation combined with passionate realization. In "Through the Mouldy Glasses" she calls for an objective viewpoint:

Through the mouldy glasses no longer, no longer regard it,
the changeful world, revolving blackness and whiteness;
with eye clear and unblinded, look on it straitly,
setting black and white into comprehended pattern,
cause and effect. With naked eye focused forward
step out bravely, interpret the real world.

In her drive toward realism, however, there is a certain absence of intellectual contribution, a dearth of ideals. She gives everywhere a sense of sunlight and fresh air, color and athletic movement which often becomes mere absorption with the bright surface of things. But there is some social feeling in her allusions to six-foot lumberjacks, the surge of city crowds held up by a street-light, the prairie graveyard of a farmer

who after seven years
of drought, burned down his barn,
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Her work is a focus of fine perceptiveness, rebellion against conventional restraint, an inner honesty that forbids complacency and brings "paining joy with transience." As presented in this collection, it is a vital and impressive addition to our lyrical poetry.

Alan Creighton.

CANADA'S CO-OPS: T. Ainslie Kerr, B.A.; Ryerson Press; pp. 58; 25c.

This pamphlet, using material from the Briefs submitted to the Royal Commission to Inquire into the Taxation of Co-operatives in Canada, is an effort to capitalize on the attention which this Commission has focused on co-ops and presumably to create favorable public sentiment toward co-ops. The pamphlet is a series of descriptions of many kinds of co-operatives from coast to coast with a conscious effort to emphasize the human and dramatic qualities of co-operative effort. This is a job worth doing and doubtless if you read the pamphlet you'll want to visit Morell, P.E.I., or look in on Jock Wilson at Davidson, Sask., or talk with Mrs. Simpson of Massett. The author paints his "co-op picture" with these descriptions of various kinds of co-ops from west to east, producers co-ops big and little, credit unions, housing co-ops, consumer co-ops, transportation co-ops, etc. There is frequent stress on the character and educational value of the co-op in making men free and independent.

But the pamphlet must fail in its purpose because the "uninformed," at whom it is avowedly aimed, will have at the conclusion only a blurred notion of what co-ops are (they would even discover if they were reading carefully that the Ontario Whole Milk Producers' League is a "co-op"!) and what they propose to do. A clear statement of co-operative principles and ideals at the beginning followed by and illustrated by the concrete examples would have given a coherent and inspiring picture of Canada's co-ops.

The pamphlet also suffers from other defects. The tone is parochial. The writing is uneven and the pamphlet apparently was hastily prepared. Nowhere in the pamphlet is

the sharp difference between private, "profit-motivated" and co-op, "service-motivated" business made clear. And in the last chapter we find that "the people in our picture are worthy of attention, not because they are extraordinary but because they are doing ordinary things extraordinarily well." After relating many examples of the extraordinary effect on people of a revolutionary way of living and carrying on business the author waters down any stimulating effect the examples might have.

It's about time co-operatives took their light out from under the bushel. People are looking for new concepts for the ordering of their lives. The co-ops have such a concept and have proved it in practice. If they want a large measure of public support they should try to get it on that basis. We could do with a report on co-operative undertakings in Canada that would show them as the force for social change that they really are.

D. S.

NEW DEAL FOR COAL: Harold Wilson; Jonathan David; pp. 263. \$2.50.

New Deal for Coal is an exhaustive, quite technical digest of the history, present and future, of Britain's coal industry. Written before the recent British elections by a young Labor candidate whose grasp of the industrial picture is a credit to that party, the book blueprints what must now be happening in the Old Country, since it contains a rounded-out program for the socialization of the coal industry, worked out by Labor Party experts and leading members of the National Union of Mineworkers.

This sort of book is unfamiliar reading for Socialists, reassuring reading for engineers and technical men who sometimes wonder whether the Left can be practical, and most disturbing reading for supporters of private enterprise.

Socialists will find it free of the broad generalities which naturally appeared frequently in left-wing literature when socialism was still a dream for the future. Russian technical studies, which are always unfortunate in having no previous capitalist structure against which their socialist results can be compared, cannot for that very reason be very convincing in their appeal to technical men. But *New Deal for Coal* presents a detailed, practical argument for socialist organization against the background of an existing and important capitalist structure and comes off an easy winner.

Canadians who read the book will be surprised, I am certain, at the lack of monopoly existing in the British coal industry. The problem, according to Mr. Wilson, is not one of monopoly, but one of competitive wastefulness. The state's big task, once social ownership is completed, will be to centralize policy and thereby make mechanization and efficient mining possible.

The book also provides a practical argument for those cheery souls who still think that social vision, class co-operation and unity for the common good are possible within the confines of private enterprise. The history of such attempts, even during wartime, within the British coal industry would be amusing were it not for the tragedy and national danger which such befuddled frustration created.

Mr. Wilson, the author, was formerly Director of Economics and Statistics for the Ministry of Fuel and Power and Secretary of the Greene Miners' Wage Board. It will be interesting to see what he and his colleagues will do now that they have the authority to proceed with their obviously well-considered plans. As a unionist, this reviewer is very happy to see that, while over-all direction is to be centralized, decentralized administration and a large degree of authority in workers' hands are equally basic features of the Labor plan.

Murray Cotterill.

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NATIONALISM AND AFTER: Edward Hallett Carr; Macmillan; pp. 74; \$1.10.

This little book is stimulating even though at times aggravating. The analysis of the growth of nationalism over three centuries is concise and tidy, with much brilliant comment and significant detail, but it shows the difficulties of trying to explain recent history without a deeper understanding of our class-dominated society than Prof. Carr has employed. Nationalism, he says, has evolved through three stages: first the dynastic, when king dealt with king and subjects were their private properties; then the bourgeois nationalism of the 19th century, with its capitalist class, its political democracy, its laissez-faire theory and its central economic control in the Bank of England; and then, at the end of the century and lasting till today, the "socialization of nationalism" when the welfare of the masses becomes the dominant aim of national policy. This is where the analysis falls off: in what nation of the western world was the welfare of the masses, as distinct from that of capitalists, a deciding factor? Prof. Carr uses the term "socialization" in a very peculiar sense; he applies it to Europe of 1914! Nevertheless, he goes on to outline the basis for a future international order in terms that are realistic and democratic. No order will last if based on the notion of "free and equal" nations; it must be based on the notion of free and equal rights for people, for individual men and women, irrespective of national affinities and allegiances. This can only come, he says, not by abandoning national planning, but by going on to multi-national and international planning.

F. R. Scott.

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THE TASK: Robert Bhain Campbell, with a Foreword by Norman Rosten; Oxford (Farrar & Rinehart); pp. 88; \$2.50.

Mr. Campbell proves himself in these poems a serious man, hell-bent on keeping his pessimism constructive. The American wars with the Scot in him, and the poet with the economist. All this violent interior activity is subjected to the twin disciplines of an exacting ear for rhythm and a commendable respect for the traditions of his art. In spite of its unevenness, then, his poetry is good reading. Would his vigor have conquered his sentimentality, his syntax have become as logical as his verse-structures, his images have fused the concentration of significance he tried to give them—in a word, would his poetry have matured in quality—had he been allowed to mature in years? Because of Spengler and the *New Yorker* the question is an important one, and in spite of them, I think a yes is possible. However, the Foreword, and the editing, are no help toward such an answer. Mr. Rosten took too much pains with the time-space poet, and not enough with his poems. Consequently the reader has no picture of their chronology, and no idea whether the poet considered the "manuscript collection" ready for publication. Some of the poems, as the Foreword puts it, "do not quite succeed." For these, however, "The Evening Car," "Easter Ikon," and "The Lawyer and the Thrush" are ample compensation.

Margaret Avison.

WORLD POLICING AND THE CONSTITUTION: James Crafton Rogers; World Peace Foundation; pp. 123; paper, 40c; cloth, 75c.

This is a contribution to the discussion that has been going on in the United States as to the relative share of control to be exercised over American participation in the United Nations Organization by the executive and the legislature at Washington. Mr. Rogers collects more than one hundred cases in which the United States has sent military forces abroad since 1783. And he shows that in all of these, whether they have involved formal declaration of war or not, and whether they have been for the purpose of enforcing international obligations or not, the executive has been the initiating and controlling agency. "In brief our history shows that our fortunes in foreign affairs are committed into the hands of the Presidents we elect. The checks retained rest in a majority of the two House of Congress, which have some powers but have exercised them little."

F.H.U.

THE CASE FOR POLAND: Ann Su Cardwell, with an introduction by R. H. Markham; Ann Arbor Press; pp. 92; 25c (U.S.A.).

This pamphlet has a deceptively scholarly look because it is overstuffing with quotations from divergent sources, among them the Polish emigre press and, as the author calls it, the "influential" *Brooklyn Tablet*, a notorious Christian Front publication. If someone 500 years hence were to reconstruct the story of Poland from this pamphlet, he would readily deduce that the Second World War was fought between the Soviet Union and a coalition gloriously led by Poland, with Germany more or less neutral. The opening sentence of the chapter "The War Begins" reads:

"These treaties and assurances proved worthless. At three o'clock on the morning of September 17, 1939, the Polish Ambassador to the USSR was summoned to be informed that Soviet troops had been ordered across the Polish frontier . . ."

In case you don't remember, this is how the war started. Oh, yes! There is also an introduction that recommends the

author as stating the Polish case "objectively, dispassionately and with careful documentation." The booklet is cheap. It costs only 25 cents.

L. Infeld.

UNITED NATIONS PRIMER: Sigrid Arne; Oxford University Press; pp. 156; \$1.50.

This little book is exactly what its name indicates, a primer. Miss Arne gives a short account of each of the international conferences that have been held from the Roosevelt-Churchill one which produced the Atlantic Charter to San Francisco. And after each account she prints the text of the official report of the conference, concluding with the Charter of the United Nations Organization and the Statute of the new International Court of Justice. A very useful little book.

ADVENTURE ISLANDS: Sara Foss Wolverson; Caxton; pp. 320; (U.S.A.).

This is a book for younger 'teen age children and has the West Indies as its setting. It contains quite an impressive array of facts regarding pirates, witchcraft, slave insurrections and the botany of the region. There is a plot which moves rather spasmodically from chapter to chapter and terminates triumphantly for the child protagonists, who overcome all that needs overcoming and climax everything by presenting their astonished elders with a million dollar gold mine. It is pleasantly written and nicely illustrated.



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